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ONCE IN THE DAYS.

Once in the days of golden weather,
Days that were always fair,
Love was the world we walked together—;
Oh, what a love was there—
Fresh as a flow'r when rains are falling,
Pure as a child that prays—
Once in the days beyond recalling,
Once in the golden days!

Ah, but the days brought changes after,
Clouds in the happy skies,
Care on the lips that curled with laughter,
Tears in the radiant eyes;
Parted asunder, worn with grieving,
Wearily each one prays,
Oh, for the days beyond recalling!
Oh for the golden days!

A PERILOUS GAME;

—OR.—

Her Mad Revenge.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a lovely evening in June, and the clock of Westbury church struck six as a young girl walked down the High Street towards the lanes leading to the open country beyond. She was tall and slim as a young girl of nineteen should be; slim and exceedingly graceful, and the light, springy step spoke of health and strength as well as youth.

She was beautiful, was this girl, as well as strong and healthy; and if I were to go over her good gifts in catalogue fashion, I should tell of her clear-cut oval face, of the brown hair, almost black but for the golden tints reflecting the evening sun; of the large but expressive mouth; and lastly of the grey eyes that could be so soft or sparkling demure or mirthful, just at the will and bidding of their owner.

But such enumerations are not of much use, because, elaborate as they may be, they never succeed in describing such beauty as Floris Carlisle's.

She had a tennis bat in her hand, and her face was slightly flushed, as if she had been playing up to the last moment, as indeed she had, for when the clock struck six she glanced up at the church turret and quickened her pace to a run.

Leaving the High Street she turned to the left and, pushing open a gate, sped up a small garden path and ran into a pretty cottage which nestled back from the lane as if it were trying to hide itself.

I say "ran in," because the door was open, showing a quaint little hall with an old oak chest for a table, and an old oak chair standing beside it. On both the chair and the chest were carved a coat of arms, a dove fighting with an eagle above an ivy bush. They were the arms of the Carlisles and had been borne by one of Floris's ancestors as far back as the Crusades.

She threw the bat and her hat on the chest, and smoothing her hair with that gesture which only a woman can accomplish opened a door on the left and looked in.

It was an extremely pretty and neat dining-room, and the cloth was laid for dinner, but Floris, after looking round and failing to see anyone, went into the hall and called in a clear, sweet voice—

"Mamma!"

At the same moment a neat and respectful looking little servant-maid appeared from the kitchen regions, and with a voice slightly hushed said—

"Mistress is in the drawing-room, miss—with a gentleman."

The large grey eyes expressed a faint surprise, as if a visitor were an unusual thing, and she hesitated with her fingers upon the handle of the drawing-room door. But, as a very thin soft voice from within said—

"Is that you, Floris? Come in!" she opened the door and entered.

Mrs. Carlisle was seated in a chair beside the fire,—there was a fire, though it was June, because Mrs. Carlisle was an invalid, and never quite warm from January to December,—and opposite her sat a thin, middle aged gentleman, with grey hair and small sharp eyes.

At the entrance of the girl, the small eyes glanced at her with a sudden flash of admiration and surprise, then sought the fire again.

Mrs. Carlisle's face was very pale and there was a troubled, anxious, and extremely perplexed look in her face.

"This is my daughter, Mr. Morrel," she said faintly; "Floris, this is Mr. Morrel, the lawyer."

Mr. Morrel rose and bowed sharply and quickly, as if he could scarcely spare time for the ceremony, and Floris inclined her head with a slight look of curiosity.

There was silence for a moment; then Mrs. Carlisle rose, and drew her silk shawl round her.

"You will stay and dine with us, Mr. Morrel?" she asked, almost pleadingly.

The lawyer glanced at his watch with a frown, as if he had a private quarrel with it, and looked up sharply.

"I have to catch the eight o'clock train, ma'am."

"You will have plenty of time," said Mrs. Carlisle; I—I should be glad if you will stay, because you can explain this—this business to my daughter better than I can. Indeed I fear I do not understand it;" and she looked from one to the other with a perplexed and feeble glance.

Floris went towards her and arranged the shawl that had fallen askew, and the three went into the dining-room. It was the picture of comfort, and the hatchet-faced lawyer looked round and rubbed his hands, then frowned as if he had remembered something, coughed huskily, and sunk into his chair with a sigh.

Mrs. Carlisle sat at the bottom of the table and Floris at the head, and it was to Floris that the soup was brought, as if it were the presiding genius.

"Have you come from London, Mr. Morrel?" she asked, in the clear, soft voice, which made one pause before answering, in case she should speak again.

"Yes," he said, sharply; "by the four-thirty! Very slow, train! Shamefully late! But railway directors don't understand the value of time."

"And lawyers do!" said Floris, with a smile.

"They do," he assented, and attacked the fish as if in illustration of the truth of his assertion.

Floris looked at him with a curiosity which would have been amused but for the pale anxious face opposite her.

"Where have you been, Floris?" asked Mrs. Carlisle, to break the silence.

"To Lady Burton's tennis-party, mamma."

"Oh, yes! I had forgotten;" said Mrs. Carlisle, with a sigh.

"Do you play tennis, Mr. Morrel?" asked Floris.

"No, Miss Carlisle: I've no leisure for tennis. I hope you had a pleasant afternoon."

"Yes, very!" she said.

The conversation dropped again. It was evident that both the lawyer and Mrs. Carlisle were too full of some business matter to talk of anything else, and Floris relapsed into silent attention to their guest.

Presently the servant left the room, and Mrs. Carlisle, gently pushing the port decanter to the lawyer, said—

"Perhaps you will let us stay while you take your wine, Mr. Morrel, and—and tell my daughter about this business."

"Certainly, ma'am; but I don't drink port; it muddles the brains, and lawyers have to keep theirs clear."

Mrs. Carlisle sighed, and Floris rose and brought some claret from the sideboard.

The lawyer bowed, sipped the wine, and cleared his throat.

"I've come down to tell your mamma, Miss Carlisle, that the case has closed," he said, looking at her with a sharp interest in his small eyes.

"The case?" repeated Floris, knitting her brows, then she smiled. "I beg your pardon, I had almost forgotten," she explained. "I have known about it so long, ever since I can remember, that strange as it all seems, I have almost learnt to forget it!"

"No doubt," he said gravely. "The lawsuit was commenced during your grandfather's time."

"Yes," said Floris, smiling still; "I can remember, when I was a child, hearing another girl boast that she had a baronet in her family, and my retort that we had a chancery suit in ours."

The lawyer didn't look quite so amused as he might have done; perhaps he felt that there was some sarcasm on "the laws' delays."

"In your grandfather's time," he repeated. "He and Lord Norman were distantly connected——"

"We always denied the relationship," murmured Mrs. Carlisle.

The lawyer bowed.

"At any rate the two families, the Carlisles and the Normans, were mixed up, if I may use the expression, in some way or other."

"It was something to do with some land," murmured Mrs. Carlisle. "I dont understand it; I never did."

"And no one else, it would appear," said Floris, gently, but with a smile, "seeing that it has taken two generations to puzzle it out."

"And some of the most learned men on the bench, at the bar!" said Mr. Morrel. "At any rate the two families quarrelled about the land, and threw it into Chancery. It is very easy, indeed it is the easiest thing in the world to put a thing into Chancery, and about the hardest thing to get it out again," and he then coughed behind his hand.

Floris leant back in her chair with her hands folded in her lap, and her beautiful gray eyes fixed on the window opposite her with dreamy intentness.

"The question at issue," resumed Mr. Morrel, "was very small to begin with, but its proportions grew as the case progressed."

"Yes," said Floris, softly, "and the costs too, Mr. Morrel. We used to live at the Hall at one time."

The lawyer coughed again.

"Costs will grow, Miss Carlisle, in such a case as this. The suit's become one of the most celebrated on record. It will——" here he bowed impressively, "supply precedents for future cases unto the end of time!"

"We ought to feel very proud," says Floris, with a low laugh.

"You ought," he assented quite seriously. "It is quite an honor to be a party to the suit of Norman versus Carlisle!"

"It has been a very expensive honor," she said smiling gently.

"Ahem! Yes, no doubt. But to come to the point. The case, I am proud and happy to say, was closed to-day. That is, I should be proud and happy," he corrected himself with a slight flush, "if it had been closed with a different decision."

"Then we have lost?" said Floris, without any great show of interest.

He wagged his head gravely.

"I regret to say that you have, Miss Carlisle. After patient hearing in one Court after another, the case has been carried to the Lords, and the final decision has been pronounced in favor of Lord Norman."

Mrs. Carlisle uttered a feeble moan, but Floris turned her lovely grey eyes on the thin face of the lawyer, without any suspicion of the significance of his words.

"Lord Norman!" she repeated softly, almost absently, thinking how, throughout her short life, that name had haunted and hovered about her. "Well, I suppose it is just."

"We always considered that his claim was most unjust," murmured Mrs. Carlisle. "I never understood it! Your poor father used to spend hours in trying to explain the case to me, but I always got confused and muddled."

"The effect upon a great many persons besides yourself, madam," said the lawyer.

Floris had risen, and stood at the window looking out at the view which, like a lovely panorama, stretched before her. There was not a hill or a tree that she did not know and love. The lawyer's dry voice recalled her to herself.

"Yes, we, on our side, always thought the Norman claim unjust, of course, or we should not have continued fighting."

"But you do not think so now?" said Floris, turning to him.

"The highest Court in the land has pronounced in his favor," replied the lawyer significantly. Floris sighed.

"Well," she said, gently, "I am sure that we are glad that it is all over, and that the case is decided. Lord Norman is quite welcome to the prize that he has fought for—whatever it is—I don't know what it is!"

"A very large sum of money," said the lawyer grimly, and Mrs. Carlisle moaned again.

"Which we might have won, and which would have made us rich again. Never mind, mamma," and as she spoke she turned with a bright, consoling smile upon the feeble lady shivering in her easy chair. "Money isn't everything, as somebody says. Lord Norman is quite welcome to it, is he not?"

Mrs. Carlisle did not reply, and Mr. Morrel looked from one to the other rather curiously and in silence for a minute or so. Then he coughed, and with hesitation and embarrassment staring from every sharp feature, said—

"Ahem! If it were only the sum in dispute that was affected by the decision, Miss Carlisle, it would not so much matter."

"What else is there?" asked Floris, with quiet surprise."

"The costs!" replied the lawyer, grimly, "the expenses of this trial and the one preceding it——"

"But we have been paying costs ever since I can remember!" she said. "It is the costs in this 'celebrated case,' of which we ought to be so proud, which has driven us from the Hall to this cottage; it is the costs and expenses which, like Aaron's serpent, Mr. Morrel, have swallowed up our carriages and horses and men-servants, and reduced us to the condition in which we are quite content," she added, with simple dignity that awed the dry and musty lawyer and made him cough again. "Surely there are no further demands upon us!"

"I regret to say that there are," he replied and to his credit, be it said, that he looked sorry, as his glance rested upon the slim graceful girl with the clear soft voice and large grey eyes.

Mrs. Carlisle groaned.

"There are the costs of these last two trials, Miss Carlisle, and they amount to a little over five thousand pounds!"

The blow for which he had been mercifully preparing her was struck at last.

Floris stood quite still for a moment, then she went and laid her white hand tenderly and soothingly upon her mother's shoulder.

"Five thousand pounds!" she murmured in a low, distinct voice that quivered for all her effort to keep it firm. "We have to pay that?"

The lawyer inclined her head.

"Each side to pay its own costs," he said. "Yours will be quite that sum; but don't be alarmed, Miss Carlisle——"

She did not hear him. Her eyes were fixed on the floor, heart beating slowly and heavily.

Five thousand pounds! She knew what it meant! Five thousand pounds! It would nearly ruin them! In a moment she saw the lovely view, lying bathed in the sunset, fading slowly away, giving place to some squalid London street, the comfortable apartment was transformed to a miserable parlor in a dirty lodging house! This then was what this man had come to tell them! That they were ruined!

Her hand shook upon the feeble shoulder and her parted lips quivered as the tears gathered slowly in her eyes.

Mr. Morrel had stopped abruptly as he saw that she was not listening; but now he went on again, his dry sharp voice striking on her ears discordantly.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Carlisle; you have not heard me out, yet. I have still some intelligence to communicate."

She turned her head towards him very slowly.

"I beg your pardon," she said quietly. "I was startled."

"No doubt, no doubt," he sniffed. "Every excuse: my fault, Miss Carlisle, I ought to have told you first what I am going to tell you now."

She listened with pale, sorrowful face.

"At the close of the trial, immediately after the decision of the judges, we received a communication from Lord Norman—through his lawyer, of course."

"Yes?"

"It was a communication which surprised us; surprised us very much. We had no right or reason to expect an offer of such a kind from Lord Norman, and it does him the greatest credit, the very greatest!"

"An offer from Lord Norman?" she repeated, dully.

"Yes!" snapped Mr. Morrel. "Immediately upon hearing that he had won his cause, his lordship sent and offered to pay your costs for you."

There was a silence while one could count twenty. The lovely face turned to the window was white and set. The hand resting on the feeble woman's shoulder shut tightly; the soft, firm lips closed with a close compression. Mr. Morrel was too much taken up with his own satisfaction to notice the effect of his announcement.

"It was a remarkably generous offer; extraordinarily so!" he said, wagging his head. "I was never more surprised in my life; never! Such a new experience for me, I assure you! I have often known of offers of compromise before cases have been finally tried, but never after. Why it is a clear gift of five thousand pounds! I congratulate you and your mamma, Miss Carlisle," and he made a little bow which broke off short as Floris's voice rose clear and full, though low, with the single word—

"Stop!"

Mr. Morrel looked up at her with a start. He had expected, if not a gush of gratitude, at any rate an expression of thankfulness and relief, but the "Stop!" sounded anything but that.

"You say that Lord Norman has offered, of his own free will, to pay these costs; to give us, you said, this money?"

"Yes, oh, yes; there is no mistake!" replied Mr. Morrel, "and we should have accepted, but thought it better, as a matter of form, to lay the offer before you. We thought that, perhaps, you would like to make something more than a formal acknowledgment of his lordship's kindness."

"Yes, yes," murmured Mrs. Carlisle, tremulously.

"Hush, hush!" breathed Floris, bending over her; then she raised her head and fixed her eyes upon the man of law.

"You did right, sir," she said; and at the solemnity in her voice he started and stared at her. "We should like to make something more than a formal acknowledgment through a lawyer of Lord Norman's—kindness!"

With a swift, yet graceful and all too haughty gesture, she glided to a side-table, and bending, not sitting, wrote hastily. Then she glided back, and with the air of an indignant empress she extended her white hand with the paper in it.

"There's an acknowledgment of his lordship's offer. Be good enough to read it Mr. Morrel."

The lawyer held the paper near the lamp and, in his amazement, read the written words aloud.

"A Carlisle demands justice, not charity, and having received the former, has no desire to become the recipient of the latter, even though it should be at the hands of the Earl of Norman."

CHAPTER II.

MRS. CARLISLE uttered an exclamation of dismay and began to wring her hands.

The lawyer stared and blinked with his small eyes at the tall slim figure and proud beautiful face as if he were on the verge of a fit.

"Good gracious!" he gasped at last. "Do you mean to say that—really, Mrs. Carlisle, I appeal to you," and he held out the sheet of note-paper almost dramatically.

"My mother agrees with me, sir, that this offer of Lord Norman's must be declined. We have no claim upon his generosity. We are not his relations—we are not even his friends. We have been the foes of his family for years. This suit, which has impoverished and ruined us, has cost him thousands of pounds. He has won it, he has been proved to be in the right and we in the wrong, so that for all these years the Carlisles have done him great and lasting injury. And in return he offers us—five thousand pounds!"

Her face was crimson now, the grey eyes flashing, the red lips apart with wounded pride and resentment.

"What right has he to humiliate us?" and her hand closed tightly on the back of her mother's chair.

The lawyer, poor fellow, quite unable to understand the fine feeling which prompted the refusal from the proud and haughty nature of the girl, stared and gasped and exclaimed "Good gracious!" again, helplessly.

"Then—then this is your answer, Mrs. Carlisle?" he said.

Mrs. Carlisle looked up quietly.

"Yes. Floris, my daughter, knows what is best. Lord Norman is very kind, he meant kindly, and—and—I thought for the moment that we——"

"For Heaven's sake, ma'am," interjected the lawyer abruptly, almost pleadingly, "don't throw away five thousand pounds for the sake of a little pride? Put it in your pocket, Mrs. Carlisle—your pride, I mean, and save the money!"

Mrs. Carlisle hesitated, and looked up at Floris, then sighed, the girl's face was inflexible.

"No other answer is possible than that I have given you," said Floris, quietly. "Be assured of that, Mr. Morrel. As to the money, that shall be ready when you require it. Will you let me give you some coffee?"

This calm request was more significant than a volume of words. It meant that the subject was closed.

Mr. Morrel folded the notepaper and put it in his pocket, took his cup of coffee in a dazed and bewildered kind of fashion, drank it, and looked at his watch. He had never been so "flabbergasted," to use his own words, in all his life, and was anxious to be off.

"Have you any other commands for me, ladies?" he said buttoning his coat.

Mrs. Carlisle shook her head.

"I suppose this—this suit is quite done with?"

"Quite, ma'am. The whole thing is settled irrevocably. Any paper you would like to have——"

Mrs. Carlisle put up her hand.

"No, no, I never wish to hear of it again. It has been the black cloud—the dark shadow of my life. I am glad it is over. Yes, though it has left us ruined, Mr. Morrel."

He got his hat, and looked from one to the other.

"See here, ma'am," he said, "I shall take the liberty of retaining Miss Carlisle's note for twenty-four hours, in case,—I say in case,—you should change your minds, which I hope to goodness you will. If I don't hear from you by this time to-morrow I will hand your answer to Lord Norman. But I trust that I shall hear. Good-night, Mrs. Carlisle; good-night, Miss Carlisle."

Floris gave him her hand with a faint smile.

"I am afraid you think me very proud and very foolish, sir," she said.

Mr. Morrell did not contradict her.

"I am sorry that we could not accept this offer. You do not understand. But—I think—Lord Norman will——"

"Perhaps; yes, no doubt; oh, no doubt, if you say so!" assented the lawyer, and got away.

There was silence for a moment after the door had closed upon him, then Mrs. Carlisle, who had been shedding a weak tear or two, shook her head dolefully and wailed—

"What is to be done, Floris?"

Floris slid down on the hearthrug and laid her arms on her mother's knee.

"We will see, dear," she said, looking up with a grave smile. "Mamma, this five thousand pounds must be paid."

"It will ruin us."

"Not quite, mamma," gently; "that money of mine; it is rather more than the sum, isn't it?"

"I think so, I am not sure."

"Yes, I remember. Well, mamma, that shall pay it."

"Oh, dear; oh, dear! and you will lose all your little fortune!"

"Better lose life itself than honor," said Floris, quite quietly, but with a sudden flush of crimson in the pale face. "That will just pay it, mamma, and your money will be left untouched. Of course this will leave us very poor mamma. It means the loss of half our income."

"Yes! oh, dear!" wailed the poor lady.

"Half our income," murmured Floris. "Well now, dear, I have thought it out already, and I will tell you what we will do."

"We must go into London lodgings, and—and live on cold mutton and bad sherry," said Mrs. Carlisle.

Floris laughed softly, if a little sadly.

"The mutton need not be always cold, mamma, and as to the sherry you never drink it, and I hate it. And I don't think we need go into lodgings in London, dear. I think we can stay here still—that is, you can," she added softly.

Mrs. Carlisle groaned, but looked down a little despairingly.

"But we must cut down the expenses, mamma. Jane must go, and we must teach Mary to cook. There must be no more late dinners. I don't know why late dinners are always more extravagant than early ones, but they always appear to be. Perhaps," with a weary smile, "one eats more at six o'clock than in the middle of the day; and we must not wear such fine raiment," looking down with a little sigh at the black satin dress against which she leant. "And there must be no more whist parties."

"You'll be moped to death," said Mrs. Carlisle, miserably.

"No, mamma, I shall not, for I shall be too busy to sit down and repine."

"Busy?" echoed Mrs. Carlisle.

"Yes, dear; come, don't be startled, mamma. I mean to work. Listen, dear;" and she began to caress the arm nearest her. "It is only fair that as I have given away so much money this evening I should try and earn some to help take its place."

"You earn money! What are you talking about, Floris?"

"I'll explain, dear," replied the girl, hesitating a little, a faint flush creeping into her face. "Mamma, do you believe in coincidences and presentiments?"

"Presentiments? I don't know! I know I felt as if something was going to happen to-night; and when that man knocked at the door I nearly jumped out of my chair. Anyone might have knocked me down with a feather."

It certainly would have been easier for anyone to accomplish that feat than for Mrs Carlisle to jump from her chair or from anywhere else.

Floris nodded.

"Well, dear, I had a presentiment this afternoon, too. I was sitting on the lawn with Lady Burton, when she suddenly began to talk of her sister, Lady Pendleton. She had had a letter from her this morning asking her if she knew of a young lady who would be likely to suit her as a companion. Lady Pendleton was very particular; the lady must be young and good-looking—because her ladyship does not like plain-looking people about her—musical, a good reader, and of a cheerful disposition. I remember the requirements, because it struck me at the time that what her ladyship was looking for was an angel."

Mrs. Carlisle looked interested, but much dazed.

"I don't see, Floris——"

"Wait, mamma! In return for the services of this paragon of all the humble virtues, Lady Pendleton offers the, I must say liberal, salary of ninety pounds per annum. I couldn't think of anyone possessing Lady Pendleton's requirements, but I think—I have thought—of a young lady who might, perhaps, serve in place of the angel Lady Pendleton is looking for."

Mrs. Carlisle nodded, almost cheerfully. The bright, amused tone Floris had purposely adopted had wooed her out of her melancholy humor.

"Have you indeed, my dear? And who is it? Is it one of the rector's daughters?"

"No; it is a young lady of the name of Floris Carlisle."

Mrs. Carlisle stared down at her with feeble astonishment.

"You, Floris!"

"Yes, I. Why not, mamma? Think of it! Ninety pounds a year and—and a home—" her voice broke, and Mrs. Carlisle began to cry instanter—"No, no, mamma, we will not cry, either of us! We will prove ourselves worthy of the name we bear,"—her eyes wandered to her father's portrait hanging over the fireplace,—"and will meet this trouble as a Carlisle should, fearlessly and bravely. Yes, dear, I will go and be Lady Pendleton's companion, and you shall remain in the cottage, cozy and comfortable. Why, mamma, I shan't want half or quarter of the ninety pounds, and you will not have to buy in any dresses, or keep me—on the mutton or sherry!"

"Oh, Floris! Oh, dear, oh, dear!" wailed the mother.

But Floris's heart was strong and big, and she forced a laugh.

"Why, mamma, it is the very thing! It is a distinct gift from Fortune's right hand! Lady Burton will say a good word for me, I know. And I'll write at once!"

She rose as she spoke and went to the table.

"I don't know what made me do it, but I asked for Lady Pendleton's address and copied it in my memorandum book. Fifty-nine Grosvenor Place. That sounds very grand, mamma! Fancy receiving letters from Grosvenor Place! I shall write nearly every day and tell you all that I see and hear worth telling, and keep you amused—almost—as if—" her voice broke again, but she mastered it—"as if I were at home with you!"

She stopped the thin stream of bewailing and bemoaning which Mrs. Carlisle began to pour out, with a kiss, and then went back to the table and wrote a short note.

"There, mamma! I have told Lady Pendleton that I am musical, cheerful, that I love reading the newspaper better than anything else on earth, and as for my looks,"—she laughed carelessly,—"though not beautiful, children do not as a rule fly at my approach, and that I have not a positive cast in my eye! Beyond that, she must judge for herself."

She came back with the note in her hand, and threw her arms round the weak-natured mother and kissed her, and as there was no glass Mrs. Carlisle did not see the unshed tears that filled the glorious grey eyes of the girl who was too proud to accept five thousand pounds but not too proud to go out and work as a servant!

CHAPTER III.

A WEEK later, when the newspapers had about grown tired of refering to the great Norman versus Carlisle case, Floris stood in the hall of Fifty-nine Grosvenor Place.

"Lady Pendleton? Yes, miss," said the huge footman, with the deepest respect, after a glance at the beautiful face with the obvious air of good breeding. "Yes, miss, her ladyship's at home."

Floris took out her card-case, but suddenly remembering that lady-companions should not carry visiting cards, said—

"Please say that Miss Carlisle has come."

The footman looked rather surprised but his respect, for a marvel, did not vanish, and he showed Floris into an immense drawing-room quite civilly. If there is one thing a footman knows better than another, it is how to tell a lady or a gentleman at a glance.

Floris sat down and looked round her. It was a tastefully-furnished room in the modern Queen Anne style, and crowded with china and Japanese curios, pictures, Venetian glass, screens, curtains, and the usual examples of the latest art fads; but, for a wonder, it was comfortable and home-like, and Floris was trying to form conjecture as to the kind of woman the mistress might be, when the footman returned.

"Her ladyship will be obliged if you will go up to her room, miss," he said.

Floris followed him up a flight of broad stairs, along a short corridor, and entered Lady Pendleton's boudoir.

As she did so, a very little woman, beautifully dressed, rose from a chair, surrounded by a batch of dress materials, and came towards her.

"Is that you, Miss Carlisle? How do you do?" she exclaimed, in a quiet, alert, but musical voice, very much what a linnet's would be if it could speak in the human tongue. "How kind of you to come so soon."

By this time she had reached Floris, who stood with her face to the window, and stopped short, with a stare of open-eyed wonder and delight that would have been amusing if it had not been rather startling.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Why they never told me——!"

Then she stopped again and peered up at Floris, with her little head on one side, and laughed chirpingly.

"My dear, how ridiculously, how absurdly beautiful you are!"

Floris strove hard not to blush at this sudden and knock-down compliment, but the crimson flooded her sweet face.

"Oh! I beg your pardon! That's just me! Offend you the moment you come into the house. But you mustn't mind me, my dear; it's my way. Edward, my husband, says that my head's stuffed with feathers instead of brains, and I'm afraid it must be. But you are beautiful, you know, so you need not be angry. Never be angry. It's of no use. I always laugh when people get angry with me. And where did you get that bonnet, my dear?" eyeing Floris's simple head-gear with a bright, keen scrutiny. "It is perfection. Was it Elise? or Nauncie, perhaps?"

"I made it myself, Lady Pendleton," said Floris, as gravely as she could.

"No! Not really! It is charming! And it fits you. That's what I complain of—my bonnets never fit me! If they—Elise or Nauncie—do make me a pretty bonnet they never fit me. They always will tumble off. Nauncie says it is the shape of my head. But that's nonsense, of course. You don't see anything wrong with the shape of my head, do you, my dear?"

Floris beginning to get bewildered and confused by this rapid, bird-like voice, looked at the prettily-shaped head, and said that no, she saw nothing peculiar in it.

"Of course not, that is only their excuse. Those sort of people are full of excuses! But come and sit down. Look here!" and she waved her tiny little hand towards the litter. "Here are some patterns sent from Paris. I do wish you'd look at them. I've been worrying over them all the morning, and can't make up my mind. Now that's pretty. But green doesn't become me. I really don't know what does become me! I'm awfully hard to dress. That's a pretty blue. What do you think of that? But, oh, I beg your pardon! Of course you are tired! You have come all that dreadful way—Westbury isn't it?—and you'd like to take your your things off. I'll show you your room. It's close here. I thought you'd like to be near me for company. But if you don' like the room, say so, and I'll find you another; there's plenty. Ridiculous, isn't it, but Sir Edward and I only take three or four rooms in this big house, and the servants take all the rest. I hope you will like Sir Edward; he is very quiet. He's in the Cabinet you know, and full of politics. Do you understand politics? I don't. He used to talk to me about them when we were first married, but he's given that up now. I never could remember which side was in, the Liberals or Conservatives. If you could take an interest in politics, he would be so grateful. He is awfully kind, and never worries about anything. Have you had any lunch?" she broke off, her head on one side, her bright bird-like eyes fixed on Floris's rather bewildered face.

"Yes, thank you, Lady Pendleton," she said.

"You shall have a glass of wine. I am sure you want a glass of wine. I'll ring for it. No? Then come and take your thing off!"

Floris hesitated.

"But," she said, with the rare smile that lit up the beautiful face like sunlight on a picture of Carlo di Vinci's; "are you sure that I shall suit? I mean——"

Lady Pendleton turned a face full of alarm and disquietude.

"Oh, don't say that you won't stay!" she exclaimed, pathetically. "Of course you'll suit! I knew that the moment I saw you But perhaps you mean"—hesitatingly—"that I don't suit you. Oh, I do hope you don't mean to go! I do so hope you'll stay! My dear, I took a fancy to you the moment I saw you and Mathda," that was Lady Burton, "told me I should have such a treasure. Pray stay—stay on trial! I am sure we should get on well together."

"I shall be very glad to stay, Lady Pendleton," said Floris, "if you think that I can be of any use to you. But, as I wrote to you——"

"Yes, I know. A charming little note. Quite too charming! But I didn't catch the name. What was it anyhow, my dear?"

"My name? Carlisle—Floris Carlisle."

"Floris! What a pretty name! I wish they had given me a name like that instead of Elizabeth! Carlisle! There was a Devonshire Carlisle I used to know—a very great man. Any relation?"

"Yes," said Floris, gently. "We are Devonshire people."

"Really! How charming! Quite a coincidence, as Bruce would say. I hope you'll like Bruce, my dear! Most people do! Poor Bruce! They say the Old Gentleman himself is not half so bad as he's painted; and I am sure Bruce is not!"

Floris's brain was beginning to whirl again. Who was Bruce?

"By the way, you'll see him to-night, my dear. He's going to dine here. Mind you don't fall in love with him!" and she laughed brightly.

Floris smiled.

"I will be very careful, Lady Pendleton."

"Oh, you will have to be! He is quite too dangerous! They say he's the handsomest man in town. And really," with her little head on one side, "I think they are right. He's dreadfully wicked! But there, I'm not going to set you against him. He's very good and nice to me, I know. Poor Bruce! He's Sir Edward's cousin, you know!"

Floris didn't know, but she murmured, "Yes," and Lady Pendleton ran on very fast.

"Poor Bruce! Don't you believe half they say about him my dear. It is all scandal! They are jealous of him, and so they try to take his character away. But I suppose he is rather wild. They say it's the old blood. Goodness only knows how far Bruce's blood goes back. I don't. I like him, let them say what they will. Poor boy! The 'wicked earl' they call him. Shameful, isn't it? I hope you don't like scandal, my dear; I always set my face against it.

"But come and take your things off. You look tired. It is my chatter. Sir Edward says I could talk the hind leg of a horse off; but that's his rudeness. I'm sure he talks enough in the House. Come along, my dear, I'll show you your rooms. I hope you won't be dull? I'm glad we've got a dinner-party to-night. It will be more cheerful for you; and I'm glad Bruce is coming. But mind,"—holding up a tiny forefinger—"no falling in love with Lord Bruce!"

Floris laughed softly.

"Very well, Lady Pendleton, I will not fall in love with Lord Bruce!"

Fateful words!

CHAPTER IV.

FLORIS found herself in a small but luxuriously-furnished room, which had evidently been prepared for her use, there being a writing-table and book-case, and a comfortable sofa in addition to the usual furniture of a bedroom. In fact, the apartment was half a sitting-room.

Lady Pendleton followed her in and looked round questioningly.

"I do hope you will be comfortable!" she said earnestly. "I know you ought to have a sitting-room of your own, but the house is so small—I mean for suites of rooms."

"Oh, indeed, this is very nice and comfortable," said Floris.

"I am so glad you think so!" exclaimed her little ladyship. "You will be sure and ask for anything you want? And don't let the servants put you off; they are shamefully lazy sometimes! I often have to ring three or four times. They have brought your boxes up, I see," she added. "I hope you have not brought a great stock of things. You can get things so much cheaper and nicer in London. We could go shopping together; I like shopping for other people almost as well as for myself."

"I think I have all I want, Lady Pendleton," said Floris, with suppressed amusement.

Were all companions treated in this fashion? and were all the stories she had read of their hard usage and the indignities put upon them utterly false?

"Well, my dear," said Lady Pendleton looking over her shoulder. "You will want to rest, I daresay. You'll hear the dressing-bell."

"Lady Pendleton," said Floris, with a sudden flush, "I think you said that you have a dinner-party. Had I not better—I mean—shall I not be in the way?"

Her ladyship raised her finely-drawn eyebrows.

"Bless me, no, dear! Besides, it is only a small one. Oh, come down if you can. If you would really rather not—why—"

But Floris inclined her head as humbly as she could.

"Oh, no! Of course I will come down if you wish it."

"That's all right," said her ladyship, cheerfully. "Come down by all means. It will freshen you up: not that you look as if you wanted freshening, my dear," and with a very pleasant nod and a little smile went out.

Floris sank on the sofa in a state bordering on bewilderment.

It was all so different to what she had expected. Instead of being received with haughty politeness and freezing condescension, she had been welcomed rather as a friend than a servant.

Was it all a dream, and should she wake up and find herself dozing before the fire of the cottage at Westbury? But the sight on the big trunk assured her of the reality of the situation, and she got up and began to change her things.

Then she sat down the pretty table, which was as carefully fitted with writing materials as if she had been an honored guest, and wrote a line or two to her mother, telling of the reception that had long awaited her.

Yes, it was very much like a dream! A week ago she had been living the life of a quiet country village, visiting the sick, taking sundry five-o'clock teas, playing tennis, the centre of an admiring little group of curates and young county squires, and now she was companion to Lady Pendleton!

She sat and thought of the causes of the great change, of the great lawsuit and its termination, of the offer made by Lord Norman, and still it all seemed like a dream.

She employed the time before the ringing of the dressing-bell in putting away her clothes in the capacious and convenient wardrobe, and considering what she should wear.

Resolving that she would, at any rate, "dress the character," she had only brought two or three dresses, and these of the simplest and plainest fashion, and she stood with the wardrobe-door open in her hand contemplating a white dress, and a plain dove-colored merino doubtfully. White would look rather conspicuous, she decided at last, and so put on the dove-colored one.

She had left all her rings and trinkets behind her as out of place for one in her position; but, for all the lack of jewelry, it was a very patrician and distinguished-looking girl that looked out at her from the large mirror.

She thought of Lady Pendleton's exclamation of admiration, and smiled faintly. Did every lady inform her companion, within the first five minutes of seeing her, what she thought of her looks? Then suddenly there flashed upon her the remembrance of some other words of Lady Pendleton's, and her gossip about the Lord Bruce.

"Who was Lord Bruce?" Floris wondered; "and why should her ladyship take such pains to inform her of his wickedness, and warn her against falling in love with him?"

Floris paused with her hairbrush in her hand. Had she ever heard the name before? Lady Burton might have mentioned it, but if she had, Floris had forgotten it. He was evidently a very intimate friend of the family, judging by Lady Pendleton's tone; she wondered how he would have liked it if he had known how glibly her ladyship had labelled him, and warned her against him.

It was of this Lord Bruce she was thinking when the second bell rang and a servant knocked at the door.

"Her ladyship didn't know whether you would be able to find your way down to the drawing-room, miss," she said, and Floris, with her sweet voice thanking her, followed the girl through the corridor and down to the hall.

The big drawing-room was brilliant with innumerable wax candles, and Floris felt too confused by the light, and the hum of conversation, to distinguish anyone for a moment, but Lady Pendleton came out towards her from a little group of ladies and nodded pleasantly.

"So glad you have made up your mind to join us," she said, and then with her head on one side she turned to one of the young ladies.

"My new companion, Miss Carlisle; Lady Glenlonna."

The lady whose name Floris remembered as that of one of the fashionable personages of the day—put up her eyeglass and nodded with a languid smile, and Floris, to avoid any further introductions, drew a little apart and sat down.

Lady Pendleton flitted away to two or three gentlemen, and Floris was wondering which was Sir Edward, when the door opened and a little man, with a worried, tired look came in, and made for Floris with outstretched hand.

"Sorry I'm late," he said, in a quiet yet bored voice. "Been kept at the committee meeting. Hope you are not tired of waiting."

Floris flushed and stood up, but at the moment Lady Pendleton flitted up to them and took her husband, for it was Sir Edward, by the arm.

"That is my new companion, Edward," she said, with a bird-like laugh. "How late you are! Dinner is waiting!"

"I beg your pardon," he muttered to Floris. "Glad to see you."

Then shooting one keen glance at her, he allowed himself to be led away to make his apologies in the proper quarters. But still, though the butler hovered round the room, and the footman hung about as if ready and waiting, dinner was not announced.

"So annoying!" exclaimed Lady Pendleton to Sir Edward in particular and the room in general "Bruce has not come here yet."

"He never keeps his time," said Sir Edward, indifferently. "Are we going to wait? What's the use? He mayn't come at all, you know!"

"Oh, dear, I hope he will! He promised me he would."

"Which shows that he didn't want to come. He won't turn up," retorted Sir Edward, looking at his watch.

There was a general smile, and Lady Pendleton, with her eyebrows elevated, said—

"Then we'd better go in!"

The gentlemen thereupon made for the ladies allotted to them, and there being one more of the fair sex than the rough, Floris modestly drew back to follow the rest by herself.

But fate—well, say chance!—had ruled that she should not go in alone. As she reached the door, there was a little confusion in the double file, and Lady Pendleton's voice was heard in good humored complaint.

"Oh, Bruce, here you are! Really, it is too bad! Can't you keep time? Haven't you got a watch? Well, I'm glad you have come! Will you please take in the countess—and you, Mr. Parks, if you please ——"

"Oh, don't disturb yourselves, please," said a voice, deep full, and yet strangely musical and attractive.

The sort of voice that makes hearers turn their heads to see the speaker. "The voice with a character behind it," as Swift says; and Floris saw a tall figure standing in the doorway. He waited until they had all passed but herself then came slowly into the room.

Floris looked up and saw a tall, broad-shouldered man with the handsomest face she had ever pictured, and her imagination was not a poor one! But for the moment only one feature of the face struck her; the eyes.

They were dark and large, but it was not the color or the size that impressed her, but the expression.

We all know the look that rests in the eyes of the ordinary diner-out; the weak, half-smiling, common-place expression which goes for nothing; Floris had seen it in the eyes of nearly all the gentlemen present; but this man's were very different.

Calmly, masterfully, they rested upon her face, as if they took in the whole of her person in an instant, measuring her, weighing her and judging her, mind, body, and soul.

One forgot, while under the gaze of those eyes, that the rest of the face was handsome, that the nose was straight, or the lips as seen under the dark moustache, clearly cut, or the short hair dark or fair; all she could do was to meet those eyes and try to satisfy them.

It was not until he looked away from her that Floris noticed how strangely well the evening-dress sat on the stalwart, graceful figure, or that the one ungloved hand was white and shapely as a woman's, yet strong-looking as a laborer's.

And yet she noticed it all, even to the black pearl that shone darkly in the white expanse of shirt-front.

Then his gaze returned to her, and with a slight inclination of the patrician, he quickly said—

"I am more fortunate than I deserve. Will you allow me?" and offered her his arm.

Floris tried to call up some commonplace remark, but failed, and in silence permitted him to take her to the dining-room. His place had been reserved for him near the hostess, but with a disregard which in another would have seemed a rudeness, he sank into the chair next Floris's, and the company had to re-shuffle themselves.

"For what we are going to receive," mumbled Sir Edward; the butler, anxious about his delayed dinner, cut the rest short and the meal commenced.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ARE YOU READY.—You are looking for a place and a work in the world; are you ready for them? If you are you may be sure they are waiting for you. Thousands of men are looking for situations, but it is astonishing how difficult it is to find the right man when there is a place to be filled. A host of men want it, but not one in a hundred is ready for it. Readiness implies something more than willingness to roll up one's sleeves—it means ability to do the thing required with skill, and absolute fidelity. A merchant wants a clerk; he can fill the place twenty times over with good, steady-going, well-meaning, humdrum; he will be lucky if he finds in half a year the boy who will take all thought of the place off his mind by the energy, capacity and general intelligence he brings into it.

A DANGEROUS PATH.—The travels of the native East Indian explorers, their stratagems and their disguises, their hazards and sufferings, their frequent hair-breadth escapes, are teeming with excitement. One of them describes a portion of his track, at the back of Mount Everest, as carried for a third of a mile along the face of the precipice, at a height of fifteen hundred feet above a river, upon iron pegs let into the face of the rock, the path being formed by bars of iron on slabs of stone stretching from peg to peg, in no place more than eighteen inches and often not more than nine inches wide. Nevertheless, this path is constantly used by men carrying burdens.

Bric-a-Brac.

PAPER BED-CLOTHING.—Paper bed-clothing of No. 1 manilla costs 75 cents a set, a counterpane and pillow-cases. Two large sheets of paper are quilted together with gummed twine, a hem is placed on the counterpane to keep it from tearing, and neat ornamental designs are stamped on the outside. This bed-clothing is warm, and when wrinkled stands ironing.

PURCHASING A HUSBAND.—An English lass was once courted by a young man of the same county, who was not willing to marry her unless her friends could advance fifty pounds for her portion. They being incapable of doing this, the girl came to London to try her fortune, where she met with a good chapman in the Strand, who made a purchase of her hair, which was delicately long and light, giving her $300 for it. With this money she returned to her home and bought a husband.

CRACKERS AND SPIRITS.—Crackers play a large part in the superstitious observances of the ordinary Chinese. It is a popular belief that the evil spirits everywhere inhabiting the air are dispersed by crackling noises attended by fire and smoke. Accordingly crackers are used on all special occasions to frighten away the demons who are tormenting a sick person, or who crowd around the people at the beginning of the New year. Bamboo, which, when burning, emits a crackling sound, is also used for the same purpose.

QUEER FIGURES.—The following will prove a very interesting combination of figures: Put down the day of the month on which you were born, double it, add seven, multiply by 50, add your age, subtract 365, multiply by 100, add the month in which you were born, (calling January one, February two, and so on,) add 1500. The first figure or two figures of the result will give you the day of the month of your birth, the next two your age, and the last two the number of the month in which you were born.

ELEPHANT-HERDS.—Herds of elephants usually consist of from thirty to fifty individuals; but much larger numbers, even upwards of one hundred, are by no means uncommon. A herd is always led by a female, never by a male. In localities where fodder is scarce a large herd usually divides into parties of from ten to twenty. These remain at some little distance from each other; but all take part in any common movement, such as a march into another track of forest. These separate parties are family groups, consisting of old elephants with their children and grandchildren.

THE ROAD-RUNNER.—A bird which attracts much attention in Arizona is named the road-runner. It has a body about twelve inches long, with a tail of the same length, and runs like a race-horse. It is the determined enemy of the rattlesnake. Upon finding this reptile it gathers in its beak a cactus leaf loaded with thorn, which weighs about a pound, and, hovering over the snake, drops it upon him. This makes the snake coil for fight, when the bird returns with another and another, until the mad serpent is either killed by his bed of thorns, or dies by his own poison. The bird then proceeds to feed on his victim.

A DISH FOR THE QUEEN.—In olden days the peacock was a favorite dish with lords and ladies of high degree. It was customary to skin the bird without plucking, and send the roast bird to table with its natural envelope. The peacock was considered in the days of chivalry not simply as an exquisite delicacy, but as a dish of peculiar solemnity. When it was brought to the table, decorated with its plumage, its comb gilded, and a sponge in its bill, wet with spirits of wine and lighted, it was the signal for the gallant knights present to make vows to accomplish some deed of chivalry "before the peacock and the ladies."

HORSE TRICKS.—The tricks of horses to procure little luxuries and indulgences are very clever. An orchard had been repeatedly stripped of its best and ripest fruit, and the marauders had laid their plans so cunningly that the strictest vigilance could not detect them. At last the depredators were discovered to be a mare and her colt which were turned out to graze among the trees. The mare was seen to go up to one of the apple-trees, and throw herself against the trunk so violently that a shower of ripe apples came tumbling down. She and her offspring then ate the fallen apples, and the same process was repeated at another tree. Another mare had discovered the secret of the water-butt, and, whenever she was thirsty was accustomed to go to the butt, turn the tap with her teeth, drink until her thirst was satisfied, and then to close the tap again.

IN SEARCH OF A PUBLISHER.—When Thompson, the poet, after much difficulty, found a publisher for his "Winter" (the first of the "Seasons" that was published), the elegant poem remained unsold until one of the town wits—a lover and a fine judge of poetry—met it by chance. He spread its praises through the coffee-houses and thus brought it into notice. The manuscript of "Jane Eyre" went the rounds of all the purchasers of London without meeting with a publisher, until it fell into the hands of a book-seller's daughter, who was so much delighted with the novel that she persuaded her father to publish it, and it met with immediate and splendid success. That gorgeous book of Eastern travels, "Eothen," was refused by twenty publishers, and at last Mr. Kinglake, its author, determined to publish it at his own expense and his book was received with applause by the entire literary world.

IN TIME TO COME.

The flowers are dead that made a summer splendor
By wayside nooks and on the sunny hill
And with regrets these hearts of ours grow tender,
As sometimes all hearts will.

We loved the blossoms, for they helped to brighten
The lives so dark with wearying toil and care,
As hopes and dreams forever help to lighten
The heavy loads we bear.

How like a flower, whose transient life is ended,
The hopes and dreams are, that for one brief hour
Make the glad heart a garden bright and splendid
About Love's latticed bower.

One little hour of almost perfect pleasure,
A foretaste of the happiness to come;
Then sudden frosts—the garden yields its treasure,
And stands in sorrow, dumb.

Oh, listen, heart! The flower may lose its glory
Beneath the touch of frost, and does not die.
In spring it will repeat the old, sweet story
Of God's dear by-and-by.

In Heaven, if never here, the hopes we cherish—
The flowers of human lives we count as lost—
Will live again. Such beauty cannot perish;
And Heaven has no frost.

Bound With a Chain.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE," "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "WE KISSED AGAIN," "ROBIN," "BUNCHIE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

MODERN science has given us to understand that a space of seven years suffices for the complete change and renewal of every portion of our mortal frame.

Life divides itself thus, simply and naturally, into so many epochs; with the closing of every seventh year a new phase dawns for us. We are what we are, we are no longer what we have been.

Nearly seven years had passed since that miserable first of October—so, the Avis Derrick of this period could have little in common with the Avis Derrick of that. She must have outgrown her ancient self as a garment; if so, the new vesture was curiously like the old.

Her figure was upright, as lithe and supple, though somewhat rounder than it used to be; the brown face was not quite so brown as of old, but the blue eyes looked bluer still and more calmly proud and clear; the curve of the mouth was sweet, contradicting the touch of sternness in the square and dimpled chin.

Miss Derrick was dusting and re-arranging a quantity of china which filled a great old cabinet in the long drawing-room of the Grange; the occupation was a graceful one, involving swift movements of the round arms whose shape was shown so prettily by the tight sleeves of the girl's blue gingham gown and pensive posing of the dainty head—so proudly carried, it seemed borne backward by the weight of the great knot of dusky gold gathered loosely on the white nape of the long and slender neck.

This interest in simple indoor occupations was a distinctive mark of the new Avis; the old one had cared for little beyond a scamper with her dog over the sands or a lounge with a book in the lush orchard grass.

The young mistress of the house was its animating spirit now; she saw to everything, indoors and out, made a large share of the garments dispensed by the local clothing-club, and yet found time to be a helpful companion to her father's advancing age.

She was alternately his pupil, reader, and amanuensis—for his sight was now almost gone, though that old passion for antiquarian research was still very strong upon him.

Avis knew a good deal more concerning coins of Tiberius, and their fellows of various dies, in these days, than she had done in that time seven years ago. But she looked on this study only, reserving her interest for such antiquities as paintings, carvings, and bits of old china, in which the Grange was rich.

She had carried in, on this August afternoon, a basket of flowers from the garden wherewith to decorate these bowls and vases when their dusting was complete; already, by way of experiment, she had stuck a great sheaf of rose-pink gladioli in one of the tall china jars, over which fantastic birds were flitting on a blue ground. That was only an experiment, though—the rest of the flowers lay still in their basket, with the exception of one white aster and a spray or two of heliotrope, which were fastened in the bodice of Miss Derrick's pale-blue gown.

She worked on, singing to herself in a fresh young voice, uncultured, but sweet, that old quaint ditty of the "Bailiff's Daughter"—dexterously twirling, meanwhile, the duster she held—a cambric handkerchief of her own, worn soft—round the delicate bits of china in her hand.

She was making the room very "nice," she would have said, for her father's return.

He had been in London for the past week—an important move for him, dictated by important reasons; a famous collection had been on sale at Christie's, and the old man had not been able to resist the temptation of looking the coins over, and, if practicable, adding to his own cabinet some specimens which it still lacked.

With a servant to take care of him, he had set off for the sale, almost tremulously excited by the prospect of it. He would have had Avis come with him, but a shrinking dislike to travel again that road which she had traveled one memorable night made the girl very firm in her refusal to leave home.

She could not bear to look back upon that night, that mad impulse of folly and anger and wilful pride, which had colored all her after-life.

Her face would go red and white by turns still when that remembrance smote her suddenly. "Our deeds still travel with us from afar, and what we have been makes us what we are," George Eliot writes.

That false step in the dark had moulded Avis Derrick's character as with the chisel of the sculptor.

"Proud as Lucifer," her equals called her—those decorous women with whom she came often now into contact, with whom she interchanged small courtesies with a sort of haughty gravity—of whom, in her secret shrinking soul, she was horribly afraid. What would they think of her, she wondered sometimes, with a shuddering dread, did they know of that midnight journey, that contemplated, half-consummated flight in which Lewis Wynter had been her once companion?

She knew so well that she felt herself already on her trial, defying them, despising their award—yet shrinking from and writhing under it.

They would never understand the passion of wounded feeling, of misplaced pity, of constrained helplessness, and revolting pride, which had driven the girl of seventeen to that step which the woman of four-and-twenty so bitterly regretted. They would have no pity for the rash imprudence of the untaught motherless creature, yielding to a temptation which had never assailed them.

If the history of that night should ever become known—Avis shuddered all over in contemplating that possibility—she knew what would be her doom. She had heard the award pronounced upon a culprit who had sinned less grievously against the social laws.

To think of her name, her story, her black-seeming transgression, so bandied from lip to lip, was bitter as gall to the girl's proud spirit; yet she took a certain dreadful satisfaction in picturing it to herself.

She despised herself more intensely than any of her possible judges could despise her—she abused herself at times with a passion of fierce humility; but she could not be humble to those women who might possibly—some day—hold her fate in their hands; and she was humble—wistfully, tenderly humble—to more than one poor publican from whose contact the Pharisees withdrew their spotless robes.

A foolish woman, perhaps—impolitic and contradictory, certainly — but staunchly honest, strangely lovable, at times as strangely sweet.

Avis was not feeling just now the galling of her chain—the chain to whose forging Lewis Wynter had guided her childish hand.

She finished her dusting, arranged her flowers in vase and bowl, then took up one of these latter, poising it in her hands while gravely considering the advantages of a new position for it. Would it light up that dark corner, or would it itself be swallowed in the darkness?

Miss Derrick paused, meditative; and while she stood, her back to the distant door of the long-ceilinged room, it opened, and two figures, masculine ones both, entered by it.

One was Christopher Derrick's, more bowed than of old, with the added weight of those seven years—the hair quite white now, the face worn, a slight tremulous motion in the delicate wrinkled hands. The other figure was that of a man in the early prime of life, six or seven and thirty—a man of medium height, of lean athletic build, with a pale face, pale with the pallor of a student, not of precarious health, features not handsome, but delicate and refined; eyes gray, deep-set and piercing; mouth wide, flexible, somewhat hard in graver moods, but capable of a very bright and pleasant smile; a face eager with energy, keen with intellectual life.

The gray eyes lighted up with a sudden gleam as they fell upon the pretty picture before them—the slim shape of the girl, in her blue gown, with a stray shaft of sunshine on her red-gold head, and the great bowl of asters, pink and white and purple, in her hands—which was thrown up by the dusky background of the old room, its gray oil-painted wall hung with age-darkened portraits, the spindle-legged chairs and tables, the tall cabinet, towering to the ceiling and stored with bric-a-brac.

It was a fitting enough frame for that fair picture, the London man thought, with one quick glance around; he liked the scene, the sentiment, the coloring, the very atmosphere, fresh and sunny and sweet with flower-scents. He would have liked to wait a minute, to take it all in more surely in his memory; he felt a distinct sense of irritation against his host for breaking up the pretty picture by a prosaic introduction.

"Avis," Mr. Derrick said, in his tremulous old man's voice, "I have brought a young friend, the son of an old schoolfellow of mine, to see you. Mr. Tresillian, my dear—my little girl, Tresillian, my only dear child."

Avis had turned her head only at first, with a quick graceful gesture, and a richer glow of color in her brown cheeks; then, as her eye caught the stranger's, with a leap like a frightened hare's, she fronted him, and, as she looked, her face seemed to freeze into a pale rigidity, her eyes to dilate and darken; her hands unclasped, with a convulsive movement, from their hold; the bowl slipped from them, losing all its flowery spoil, and crashed to pieces on the floor.

Avis stood, staring at the ruin, with a blank face of horror. The guest stepped quickly forward, and dropped on one knee to pick up the broken pieces of china and all the scattered flowers.

"What a pity!" he exclaimed with concern, glancing up with his bright eyes at the girl's pale face above him. "I'm so sorry, Miss Derrick! It was a charming bowl."

He was fitting two of the fragments together as he spoke—a quaint Chinese pattern of cranes standing among reeds, on a turquoise blue sky; the value of the delicate work was apparent to any cultured eye. Mr. Derrick could not refrain from open lamentation.

"Dear, dear, dear!" he said, shaking his white head in querulous reproach. "What could you have been thinking of, child, to drop it in that stupid way? I never saw anything more awkward! I beg your pardon, my dear; I oughtn't to say that; but, really, I can't think how you came to do it."

"I don't know myself how I came to do it," Avis replied, turning suddenly as red as she had been pale; and she darted a quick glance, fiery with defiance, at the man kneeling on the ground at her feet, which bolt, happily, fell harmless on the crown of his dark head.

He had brought the humiliation of the reproof upon her, and now stood by to hear it; his offence was rank indeed! Worse still he proceeded to aggravate it.

"I'm afraid it was I who was to blame," he said calmly. "I startled you by coming suddenly behind you; and I owe you an apology, sir"—to Mr. Derrick—"for being the cause of this disaster."

"Not at all, not at all!" his host hurriedly exclaimed. "My dear boy, don't say such a thing, I beg! You—you had nothing to do with it whatever; it was I who startled her by speaking, and it is I who ought to apologize for making more fuss about the thing than it's worth."

"Yes, indeed!" Miss Derrick cried. Her cheeks were flaming, and her eyes darted blue lightnings on this outsider who presumed thus to thrust himself between her father and herself. "Papa is quite right; the thing isn't worth making such a fuss about. Pray don't trouble yourself about picking up those things, Mr. Tresillian; I'll ring for a servant."

"I like doing it; therefore, it's no trouble," Mr. Tresillian said, with quiet obstinacy, continuing his work.

He was gathering up the last of the fallen flowers, and laying them with the rest of the wreckage on a Florentine marble table near; and he was doing it with a smile on his face which was to Miss Derrick as a red rag to a bull.

She would have liked to stamp her foot at him as he knelt there; but one cannot always do what one likes. She had to be civil to him instead, to thank him for his service, with the best smile she could force to her unwilling lips, to go presently and see about his accommodation for the night.

When she got to her room at last, she stopped for some moments before the glass, staring at her own reflection in it; the angry flush had not died out of her face yet, her blue eyes looked almost black above the hot roses on her cheeks, with the straight brows knitted over them.

"It was the folly of a day, and it has spoilt my whole life," she said within herself. "It is very hard to bear. What a cruel fate sent that man here to torment me? He knows nothing, of course, he can know nothing, for he didn't see me, and he didn't hear my name, but I feel as if he knew. A guilty conscience, I suppose."

The face in the glass smiled stiffly as she smiled; the glow was dying out of it now, a blank misery was in the wide bright eyes.

"I hate to have to cringe before him," she thought vehemently. "I hate the man himself and his insolent cool ways. And yet what has he done to me that I should say that? Nothing! Oh, I am very wicked; and it is myself I ought to hate—and I do—I do! I wonder why—I was ever born?"

They were bitter words; but the girl's heart was very bitter within her—sick with fear and humiliation and unavailing regret.

She turned wearily from the glass as a knock came to the door. It was the nurse Sarah coming to dress her young lady for dinner.

Mr. Tresillian, it appeared, had but four free days in which to give his friends the pleasure of his company. On the fifth the law-courts claimed him for their own as junior counsel in a case for breach of promise.

It happened to be the defendant's side on which the young barrister was retained; which circumstance gave rise to sundry wordy battles between Mr. Tresillian and Miss Derrick, who chose to proclaim herself on the plaintiff's. The young lady defended her side with considerable spirit, if with unvarying ill-success, and led her forlorn hope time after time against the enemy's with a fine disdain of their formidable strength.

And they were formidable; though Tresillian took care never to forget his assailant's sex and station, he contrived to give her many a stinging blow—polite slaps in the face, which made Avis's cheeks burn, and convinced her, half against her will, that the aversion subsisting between her adversary and herself was mutual, that her antipathy was not stronger than the dislike with which it was returned.

Even Mr. Derrick, least observant of men began to have some faint idea that an unnatural amount of acrimony was imported into those wordy combats between his daughter and his guest, and took occasion, on the third day of Tresillian's stay, to warn Avis not to forget her courtesy as hostess.

"Of course I know you don't mean it, child," he said, with apologetic kindness. "I know you're good friends, really—nobody could dislike Tresillian, such a clever nice fellow!—but, without being aware of it, I suppose, you say very sharp things to him when you get involved in those arguments. Sometimes I'm afraid he'll be offended."

"I was wrong," Avis admitted meekly, with a sudden scarlet blush. "I'm sorry to have made you uncomfortable, papa; I'll try not to do it again."

And for the day and a half which remained of their visitor's stay she studiously avoided raising any dispute with him when her father was by.

With natural quick tact, Tresillian took his cue from her, and was gravely civil to his young hostess in Mr. Derrick's presence; that withdrawn, it was understood by both parties that the feud raged as fiercely as ever.

Hard knocks were taken and given with equal staunchness and impartiality, with stinging politeness on Tresillian's side, with a hot bitterness which must needs be personal, and could scarcely help being rude, on Avis's. That sense of inferiority which beset her in his presence, born of his connection with the one event in her life of which she had cause to be ashamed, seemed to rouse a fierce antagonism in the girl against the man.

She was well aware of the unreasonableness of the prejudice against which she struggled unavailingly; she could not subdue it. The sarcastic sound of Tresillian's voice as he offered her some service, the cold gleam of his gray eye as it caught her blue one, was enough to kindle the half-smothered flame anew.

She told herself that she should be thoroughly glad to see the back of her uncongenial guest turned upon the Grange; yet a keen pang of penitence shot through her when the hour of his departure arrived; she had behaved so badly to him! Her face was dyed with blushes when he came to offer her his hand.

"Good-bye," she faltered, answering his farewell; and then, in a lower tone, "I'm afraid you have had a very unpleasant visit."

"Not at all, I assure you," slightly shrugging his shoulders.

"It's very good of you to say so," still low, and somewhat incoherently, "too good I'm afraid, I might have done more, I am sorry."

"I beg your pardon, I didn't quite catch what you said."

He was looking at her with a smile—a smile that maddened Avis.

"I beg yours—you heard perfectly well—I wish you had not now!" she retorted, with flashing eyes, hastily withdrawing the slim hand he had been holding and reddening to the very roots of her bright blond-auburn hair.

Tresillian raised his dark brows, with a short laugh.

"I didn't miss much, I hope?" he said coolly. "Good-bye again, Miss Derrick, and again many thanks for all your kindness; and now, I hope I sha'n't miss my train."

"So do I!" Avis averred, in a voice that trembled with anger, and turned her young back on him ere he turned his upon the house—from the door of which Mr. Derrick looked out, bewildered, to see his guest depart, and bid him a God-speed.

It was the last time he ever performed that act of courtesy. His journey to London and the unusual excitement he had gone through proved too much for the old man.

He was confined to bed for some days, and only left his room to return to it within the week. He had no specific ailment—only a fatal weakness, fatally increasing—a gradual slipping and ebbing away of life.

Avis, who helped nurse Sarah to attend on the invalid, could see for some time little amiss with him, but, when a month had passed in this fashion, woke up suddenly one day to realize how weak and worn he had grown—lay in wait for the doctor, and heard the truth.

"A gradual breaking-up of the whole system—natural, and to be looked for—nothing possible to science, save to smooth the downward way."

That was the fiat. Avis spent a bitter hour, after the physician's departure, in striving to reconcile herself to the fate she saw approaching; and stole by-and-by, with red eyes and quivering lip, back into the sick-room, which thereafter she could scarcely be induced to leave.

It seemed to her inexperience, now her fears had been awakened and proved true, that her father might die at any minute, so frail and fretted were the threads that bound his life to earth; but he lingered long enough to permit of her growing well accustomed to that idea which at first had seemed so startling—so long, indeed, that a strange monotony of continuance and use seemed to fall upon that sick-room service, which seemed as though it might go on for ever.

Another month had passed away—it was nearly the middle of October—when there came a change. Avis was sitting one day beside the bed, when her father's voice struck upon her ear, at first muttered and indistinct, then more intelligible.

"Papa, what is it?" she asked breathlessly.

He opened his half-shut eyes and looked at her steadily.

"The time is running short," he said clearly. "Send for John Tressil'an."

"For—Mr. Tressilian?" she stammered, flushing.

"For John Tressilian—and send right at once."

There was no gainsaying the command, little though Avis cared to execute it; and a telegram was at once despatched. Tressilian obeyed the summons promptly. He arrived that night, and was conducted at once to the room where Mr. Derrick lay, awaiting him.

A lamp was burning on a small table by the bed; beside it sat Avis, a book in her hand, her head bent down over it; all the light seemed to gather round her slim young shape, her curved white neck, and sparkling crown of hair.

The head which wore that diadem rose up proudly when Mr. Tressilian was announced; Miss Derrick laid down her Testament, folded her little hands in the lap of her dark-green gown, and sat erect, stiff, and still. She condescended no sort of salutation to the obnoxious visitant, who, on his part, took no notice whatever of her. He walked up to the bedside to clasp the tremulous, half-transparent hand held out to him, gently pressing it in his own strong fingers.

"I'm sorry to see you like this, sir," he said, an indescribable pitying softness in his voice, usually quick and cool.

Mr. Derrick smiled feebly in answer, looking up with his dimming eyes at the face of the young man in his vigor who looked so kindly down on him. The sight made Avis's heart contract as with a pang.

"Now I'm here, there's something I can do for you, perhaps, sir?" Tressilian questioned pleasantly—how pleasantly it surprised Avis to find—though indeed, on searching her memory, she could recall not the slightest incivility offered by him to any one but her. "If there be, I am heartily a your service."

"Yes, there is something," Mr. Derrick said, rousing himself. "Come closer, and I'll tell you what I want; but first—is the nurse here?"

"No," Tressilian answered, sweeping the dusky room with his keen gray eyes. "Miss Derrick is."

He bowed formally to Avis as he spoke; it was the first notice he had taken of her.

"Send her away," the sick man muttered peevishly. "Send the child away, I tell you; I can't have her here!"

Tressilian turned to Avis, who had sprung to her feet in incredulous amaze.

"He wishes you to leave the room," he said quietly.

He might, at least, have apologized for being the bearer of such a message! Miss Derrick flashed one glance of unutterable angry resentment at him, and swept from the room, holding her auburn head very high.

She was choking with the sense of insult, of wounded affection, and hurt pride, which found relief in her own room in a burst of angry tears.

Half an hour later, nurse Sarah came in search of her young mistress.

"Come!" she said.

"Is there—a change?" Avis faltered, a cold fear falling upon her.

"Ay—the last!" the old woman answered briefly, and led the way without another word back to the room which was soon to be Death's guest-chamber.

For hours after that they stood awaiting him—Tressilian on one side of the bed, Avis on the other—now one, now another adjusting the pillows disturbed by the restlessness of the last weary struggle, propping them high to give the patient air. The clock was striking three when he suddenly opened his glazing eyes.

"Lift me up!" he said.

Tressilian put his arm round him and raised him into a sitting posture, resting the poor worn frame against his own breast.

"Avis," the sick man murmured.

"I'm here, papa!" the girl cried, with a half sob, hurrying to his side.

"You will do as he bids you, always?" her father said with an effort. "Promise me my dear."

The color surged into Avis's pale face, then ebbed from it again; she stepped back a pace, with a bewildered movement.

"Promise—what?" she said blankly, turning to Tressilian. The words seemed to stick in her throat.

"Does it matter what?" he cried impatiently, and reddening. "Say 'Yes,' and quickly!"

"Not till I know what is wanted of me," she said resolutely, doggedly.

"If you must know, then, he wants you to promise that you will take advice when I give it to you!" he retorted, throwing an angry glance at her out of his fiery eyes. "For Heaven's sake, don't stand shilly-shallying there! Don't let your dislike of me stand between you and all generosity and affection, and drive you to the length of embittering your father's death-bed! Give him the promise he asks—I'll take care you don't repent it!"

She struggled with herself for a moment, then she said in a clear, though broken voice—

"I promise, papa."

It reached the dulling ears. Mr. Derrick opened his eyes again, smiling faintly; then his head fell back, his lips dropped apart. Tressilian laid the stiffening body reverently down; Death had claimed his own.

CHAPTER V.

TRESSILIAN remained as Doctor Langley's guest till Chrispher Derrick had been laid to rest, when he went back to London. He did not return thence till his old friend had been more than a fortnight dead.

Then he reappeared without warning one morning at the Grange, and sent an intimation to Miss Derrick that he wished to speak to her on business. He probably thought it necessary to compel the interview by advancing this reason for it, and the precaution did credit to his sagacity, for most assuredly the young lady would have been out, engaged, or unable to see callers had he but sent up his name with no special plea to back it.

Grief itself, however, must give way to business; even Avis found herself obliged to bow to it, though she took her revenge and a malicious pleasure in keeping her visitor waiting, and Tressillian's patience was well-nigh worn out when Miss Derrick condescended to make her appearance.

She swept into the room in sentely fashion, holding her head high; the warm rose-glow of health bloomed again in her clear cheeks, the intense blue of her eyes and the glittering gold of her hair were thrown up with unwonted brilliancy by the dense black of her gown. Tressillian reluctantly admitted a certain artistic charm in the prospect, even while scanning it with a coldly angry eye. He saluted Miss Derrick with a chilly bow, chillingly returned, and abruptly indicated the motive of his visit.

"I have come to speak," he said, "about your father's will."

Avis inclined her head in silence.

Tressillian went on.

"He placed it in my care before he died, and I have taken the necessary steps to prove it. You understand, I suppose, that the portion you inherit under it is a sum of ready money, that the landed estate goes to the heir-male?"

"I understand."

"You know the gentleman, I suppose."

"No," returned Avis, shortly. "He was only a second cousin of my father's; and—they were not on good terms, I believe. I never saw him in my life."

Tressilian nodded his head slightly.

"That explains," he said.

"What?"

"Why, your father deputed to me an office which would far more fittingly have been held by your own kinsman. He told me that you possessed no relative who could do for you what he begged me to do. It was not an idea that commended itself very much to me," Tressilian continued, with a sarcastic smiling glance at the girl's startled, charming face; "and it may not be any more agreeable to you; but one cannot gainsay the wishes of the dying. He could not die in peace, he said, leaving you unprotected on the world; he implored me to give you a home in my house until you married; and I passed my word that I would do so."

Every vestige of color had ebbed out of the girl's face; she stared at him almost wildly, with her great blank blue eyes.

"A home—in your house!" she repeated, with a gasp. "Oh, it is not possible! You are saying it to frighten me!"

"You do too much credit to my imagination," he retorted, grimly. "It would never have ventured on such a flight unaided. Unfortunately, it is sober truth, Miss Derrick, wild though the scheme may appear."

He shrugged his shoulders, tapping impatiently with a well-shaped foot upon the carpet.

The color that had left Avis' face came back to it in a flood.

"He could never have known how much I should have hated it!" she cried, passionately. "And I will not go! I will go anywhere rather than there—to a convent—to an almshouse!"

"Was there ever a woman in the world endowed with a grain of common sense?" Tressilian cried, irascibly.

He started up, and strode to and fro in angry silence for a minute, then returned to where she sat.

"For Heaven's sake, leave off talking such folly, and listen to reason!" he exclaimed. "What would you do in an almshouse, I should like to know, supposing you could get there, which you couldn't? When you must submit to the inevitable, can't you do it with a decent grace? This place you must leave directly; it is equally certain that you must accept the home I offer you—your promise to your father binds you. You may not have to live long under my roof; meanwhile, you can have no motive in disliking the house beyond the fact that I live in it: and," he continued, drily, "as I shall make it a point to keep out of your way, I don't see that that fact need materially trouble you."

Avis turned on him suddenly her miserable crimsone l face.

"If you wanted your revenge," she said, with quivering lips, "you have it!"—and she buried her face in her hands, with a burst of wretched tears.

"Good Heaven!" muttered Tressillan, setting off, with a rueful shrug, on another restless tramp. He paused at a table, took up a book, threw it down again, cleared his throat, and marched back to where the girl sat, struggling to subdue her sobs.

"I am extremely sorry to be the cause of such distress," he said, in a voice which sounded less sorry than sarcastic. "I think, on the whole, I had better take myself off, merely remarking that I have but three days to spend here, and that I should be glad if you could be ready to accompany me when I leave."

"I shall be ready."

Avis stood up, hastily brushing the tears from her cheeks.

"Thank you."

He bowed, and turned towards the door; but before he reached it, she recalled him.

"I beg your pardon—but," she stammered, twisting her fingers restlessly together, "I need not ask—there is—a lady—in your house?"

Her downcast face was red as fire; Tressillan's caught a momentary reflection of its glow.

"Certainly!" he said, curtly. "My mother. You must take me for an idiot—or Methuselah!"

"Thank you!" Avis murmured, almost inaudibly, turning her burning face away.

"If it is all the same to you," he said, impatiently, "I would rather you did not thank me. What I do, I do because circumstances oblige me to it; you owe me no gratitude for such grudging service. I would not render it—in this form, at least—if I could possibly help it."

With this Parthian shot, keen and well aimed, he went.

Mr. Tressillan found Miss Derrick waiting for him at the hour named for their departure. The girl looked pale and subdued; but there was a mutinous fire in her blue eyes, as they met his, which told that rebellion was but scotched—not killed. He handed her into the car with cold civility, and took his seat opposite, armed with a *Times*, to conceal his own face and shut out his neighbor's. Avis turned a resentful shoulder to him, and stared out of her window, neglecting the illustrated paper he had provided for her amusement. Her mood was not joyful, by any means. She had been to the churchyard that morning to bid her father farewell, and had spent a half-hour there in vague misery and regret, staring at the door of the vault which held so many near to her—brothers and sisters, years older than herself, who had died in their childhood, her mother, whom she barely remembered, her father, whom she remembered only too well! And now this journey was recalling, with hateful vividness, the bitterest memory of all; every mile of the landscape, as it flew by still and chill, wraped in gray autumn haze, under gray autumn skies, spoke loudly of a wild flight through a moonlit night, over seven years ago. If only—oh, if only—— Miss Derrick discovered suddenly that she was crying; and, rubbing the tears impatiently away, turned from the window, just in time to meet the distinctly uncomfortable glance of her opposite neighbor's eyes before they dropped, under a frown, behind the *Times'* broad sheet. He was looking at her! Avis drew up her white neck with a gesture of intense offence, drew down her black crape veil, and hastened to interpose the *Graphic* as a screen between herself and a repetition of the insult. And thereafter was silence, save for an occasional angry crackle of Tressillan's paper or smaller rustle of Avis', till the train had rushed to within twenty miles of London. He tossed aside his journal then, and began to speak in a cold quick voice.

"I must beg your attention for a few moments," he said, formally. "It has occured to me that I have been neglectful in not affording you some information respecting the household you are about to enter. It is a very contracted one; my mother and myself compose the family circle."

"I am sorry to hear that"—shortly. "Two being company, I shall be more distinctly an intruder."

"You need consider yourself nothing of the kind," he returned, frowning. "We have been three till lately—in fact, you only take the place of my cousin, who left us recently to keep house for a brother who has lost his wife. My mother has missed her very much——" He paused abruptly; something indefinable in his voice brought Avis' eyes to his face, to discover in it a sudden accession of color, which she had already begun to associate with embarrassment in the owner. "Perhaps," he recommenced hurriedly, "I had better prepare you to meet, in my mother, a much younger lady than you probably imagine my mother could be, and even younger in mind and manner than she is in years. You may think, in fact, that—that she is too young, if I may so express myself; that is why I wish you to know that she was married at sixteen to a man twenty years her senior, who naturally made her his pet and plaything. She has lived so much with old sober people that she has been obliged to keep young in self-defence."

"She has lived with you for a long time now, hasn't she?" Avis inquired pointedly. For the life of her she could not forego the pungent pleasantry. Tressillan bit his lip and flashed an angry glance at her; but he kept his temper, which had the effect of making inconsistent Avis instantly regret that she had tried it.

"Perhaps it would be as well to drop the subject now," he intimated quietly. "Everything necessary to be said upon it has been said."

Therewith he retired again behind his *Times*—which he must have read and re-read thrice, at least, by now, Miss Derrick decided—leaving her a prey to distinct mortification, and almost as distinct remorse; and no other word was said till they had reached London.

CHAPTER VI.

THE cab drew up before a substantial house in a south-western square, and Tressilian, springing out, helped Miss Derrick to alight, and politely escorted her into a handsome hall.

"I will lead the way, as you don't know the house," he said, with grave, cold courtesy. "I hope you will be able to make yourself at least comfortable here."

"Thank you," she responded, quite a new humbleness in her low voice. Perhaps weariness had brought it, perhaps that novel sense of obligation and dependence which disagreeably beset her as she followed her conductor up the stairs. He opened a door, and ushered her into a fashionably-furnished drawing-room.

"Miss Derrick, mother. Will you take care of her, please?"

He was gone. Avis found herself left face to face with a little woman, very daintily dressed; a little woman, faded certainly, pretty decidedly, with blonde hair and blue eyes, delicate small features, and wrinkles artfully erased—a little Watteau-like figure, gracefully proportioned, airy and light in movement. Avis gazed at her in mute astonishment. Even remembering her very early marriage, one knew that she must be some years on the wrong side of fifty. She looked under forty, and dressed for twenty-five. The effect was bewildering, especially when taken in conjunction with her manner, an odd combination of giddy frivolity and peevish disillusionment; it took Avis' breath away.

Mrs. Tressillan welcomed her with effusion, warm, yet not tender, put her into a low luxurious chair opposite to her own upon the hearth, and rang impatiently for tea, pouring out the while a constant stream of babble, rejoicings, condolences, inquiries, complaints.

"I've been really dying for somebody to speak to!" she cried, nestling down like some dainty bird, all brown and yellow plumage, in her chair, and swinging to and fro, in white bejewelled fingers, a fan of peacocks' feathers, dusk-blue and bronzy-green. "Oh, you may say there's my son; but if you knew him as well as I do, you wouldn't say it! One might as well talk to a stick—he's so stupid! Oh, yes, he's very clever"—with a little laugh—"but so indescribably dull!"

Presently Avis got up to return her tea-cup to the tray, and took the opportunity of examining the photographs standing in frames of sage-green plush on a mantel-board valance of bronze-green cloth, embroidered with silken sunflowers.

The middle one was her hostess, that to the right of a girl, younger than Avis, with a sweet gravely-smiling face, and shock of rough fair hair; that to the left, Tressillan himself, in barrister's wig and gown, a characteristic face in its clean-shaven finish of outline and keen brightness of the eager eyes.

Avis found herself looking at it with quite a new earnestness of interest—surely she had never before seen what manner of man this was!—found herself blushing suddenly and inexplicably when Mrs. Tressillan lifted again her restless voice, and dropped with embarrassed haste into her chair.

"You know whose those are, of course? Not that one? Oh, that's Lucy Massey, my niece, you know! Do you like mine? I don't myself, but it's very much admired. Do you like that one of John?" Like it? Avis's blush became desperate. "It's truthful, I think; but he would get taken in that hideous wig. It's like a night-cap, and so I told him, but he only laughed; he has no feeling himself, and so can't understand people who are sensitive; just like his father. When he was baptized, I wanted him to be called Lionel—a charming name, every one agreed—but the judge would have him christened 'John.' I've always been convinced that his name is to blame for his manner! So horribly downwright, you know! I said so to him the other day, and he answered by asking me if he were like a Lion. So ridiculous, when I had just been regretting that he was not!"

"I don't think more manner matters to a man any more than looks," Avis said, with a faint deprecating smile and a fast beating heart. "What matter about the shell, so that the kernel is sound and good?"

"Oh, good?"—shrugging her shoulders. "He is distressingly good, if that be all? I hope, Miss Derrick"—with a sudden accession of alarm—"you are not serious? You don't visit hospitals and teach in Sunday-schools, and that sort of thing, do you? Because I would so much rather you didn't! It would make me wretched to see you in a poke bonnet and a cloak, going about district-visiting. I should have to try not to see you at all!"

"I don't think it will come to that," Avis returned, with a painful smile. "Whatever else you may find to dislike in me, I think you will never be offended by too much goodness. I was not born good, like your son." [TO BE CONTINUED.]

BRIDAL WREATHS.—The Roman bridal wreath was of verbena, plucked by the bride herself. Holly wreaths were sent as tokens of congratulations, and wreaths of parsely and rue were given under a belief that they were effectual preservatives against evil spirits. The hawthorn was the flower which formed the wreaths of Athenian brides. At the present day, in our own country, the bridal wreath is almost entirely composed of orange blossoms, on a background of maiden-hair fern, a sprig here and there of stephanotis blending its exquisite fragrance. Much uncertainty exists as to why this blossom has been so much worn by brides, but the general opinion seems to be that it was adopted as an emblem of fruitfulness. According to a correspondent, the practice has been derived from the Saracens, amongst whom the orange blossom was regarded as a symbol of a prosperous marriage, a circumstance which is partly to be accounted for by the fact that, in the East, the orange tree bears ripe fruit and blossoms at the same time. It has also been suggested that this flower was introduced into our wedding customs by French milliners.

MRS. R. B. HAYES has bought and fitted up a house in Savannah, Ga., where colored girls can be thoroughly trained in skilled housekeeping.

IN BITTERNESS.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTOSH.

The herb may not be grateful to the taste,
Yet, if we should its essence sharp despise,
Its curing strength we'd surely lose and waste,
For oft in bitterness its value lies.

And tho' we wish life rid of woe's fell sting,
Yet from affliction, healing virtues flow;
Oft to the draught from sorrow's wormwood spring,
Both heavenly health and happiness we owe.

DOUBLE CUNNING.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

THE END OF A CLUE.

PLAIN enough to the reader, but a time of mystery and conjecture to all at Helmthorpe, where Uncle Wash stayed on, feeling quite sure that he should find there the clue to his nephew's disappearance.

It had been, too, a time of horror to those at the retired old mansion, where legal inquiries followed the events just recorded; and Sam Burton gave evidence of his suspicions respecting someone being hidden in the Wilderness, consequent upon the behavior of his dog, and the discovery of the spirit flask and the spade; but he said no more than was dragged out of him by a not very inquiring legal gentleman; and Lady Fanshaw's secret was safe with him and with her husband.

For as soon as he had well recovered consciousness she told him all, as she knelt humbly by his side, even while, motionless and cold, and beyond the power of working further ill, George Carleigh lay in his own room, dead, in the pit he had digged for another.

This secret died with him, none divining more than the fact that he had certain chemicals in a cabinet in his own room.

"Death by misadventure," the jury called it at the inquest; and it was as good a verdict as many that sapient coroner instructed councils return.

It was one day when, tempted by the lovely spring weather, Lady Fanshaw was slowly walking up and down the garden, weak and terribly wasted, but evidently on the high road to recovery, for there was a calm, restful look in her eyes, as she leant heavily upon Sir Harry's arm, Judith was talking to Uncle Range about the inquiries he had afoot in town.

Sir Robert was letter writing, so that conversation was uninterrupted between the old American and Judith, for a warm intimacy had sprung up, the old man consulting her in every step, and even at times going so far as to let off what he called a joke, a sort of verbal balloon to, as he expressed it, see which way the wind blew.

"We shall find him at last," he was saying. "Now we've made that discovery down yonder, my mind feels at rest."

"Oh, Mr. Range!" cried Judith, reproachfully.

"Well, I can't help it, my dear; but it do. I don't feel now that he's come to much harm."

"But this suspense is so dreadful, Mr. Range."

"Yes, my dear, to me," said the old man, drily, and with not so much as a twinkle in his eyes.

Judith sighed.

"The fact is, my dear, to speak plainly, you upset him so much that he's gone off somewhere to forget you."

"Then it's very cruel of him," cried Judith, passionately. "Don't you think it is, Mr. Range?"

"Ah, I'm an old bachelor as don't understand those sorter things, my dear; but I hev thought it was."

"But it was."

"Ah, very well then, my dear, it was; and he has gone off to New Zealand or Siberia, or the North Pole with an expedition, and we shan't hear from him p'r'aps for several years."

"But it seems so thoughtlessly cruel for him to fail to write to those who care for him all this time."

"Meaning me, of course, my dear," said Uncle Range. "I'm them as care for him."

"He ought to have written to you, Mr. Range."

"Well, you see, he did begin that letter to me, but it was cut off like before it was finished. Bless your little heart, my dear, he might just as well have written letters to a cinnamon bear as to me. I should never have written back."

"But you would have known what had become of him."

"Well, yes," said the old man, coolly; "but, do you know, I'm thinking that we need not worry ourselves about him any more."

"Oh, Mr. Range!"

"He's sure to turn up again some time, so don't you fret. It's very kind of you to have taken so much interest in him; but let it go now, for I'm 'bout settled in my own mind what's the cause of it all."

"You feel sure that you know?"

"Yes, my dear," said the old man, in his way. "Fact is, there's no doubt about it, he's gone off with some gal."

Judith started from him with her eyes flashing.

"How dare you?" she cried. "It's not true. You don't know your nephew, sir, or you would not bring against him such a shameful charge."

"What, about taking a fancy to some young lady, marrying her, and going for a long trip?"

"It is not true!" cried Judith again; and, darting an indignant look at the old man, she hurried into the house.

"Poor!" said the dry old fellow, laughing softly, without making a wrinkle in his face "call herself poor? Why, the pretty little puss is as rich in all sorts of good things as a queen. My! how she sticks up for him. He's a very luck chap, my A. L. R., that he is. Hallo! what's he signalling there about?"

He walked slowly across the lawn, to where Sam Burton was standing with his gun under his arm, and with a very handsome dog which looked furtively at the old American, and then backed behind his master.

"One o' my Bess's pups, sir," said Sam, apologetically. "Young 'un I'm training. P'r'aps you wouldn't mind a walk in the woods this morning."

"Nothing I should like better, keeper," said the old man; "my legs don't fit well under tables. I like being out among the trees."

"So do I, sir," said the keeper, as they walked on; and he grew quite chatty after his fashion, a certain amount of intimacy having sprung up between him and his master's guest.

"Well, Sam Burton," said Uncle Wash., turning upon him suddenly, "you haven't brought me out here for nothing. What is it?"

Sam hesitated and gave his head a rub after tilting his hat on one side; and then, as they were well out in the pine wood, he stopped short.

"Well, sir," he said, suddenly, "it's like this here. I like you, sir, same as I liked Mr. Arthur; and though you and I didn't get on at first——"

"That'll do, my lad," said Uncle Wash. "The finest thing in the world is to be a citizen of the United States, but if I hadn't been born A Murrycan, I should have liked to be Yorkshireman."

"You would, sir?" said Sam.

"Yes, my lad. Of course, I see it all. You stuck up for your master, and wanted to keep all that quiet because of this terrible disgrace."

"Ay, sir, that weer it."

"And, of course, you were not taken with my queer ways. But there, let that go. Now then, what is it?"

"Well, it's this, sir; I was always a bit thick-headed about anything as hadn't to do wi' the birds and partchers, and that sort; and since I weer badly from my hurt I've been worse. It's been a sort o' feight in my yead, whether I should hurt the master and my lady by talking about all I know'd; and so I hev been a bit closer than a might ha' been wi'out.

"Look here, sir; one day I weer out here wi' my Bess, and I tun her skretching and tewing and taving about just wheer you are standing now, and at last she tore out this here from under the fir pins just as you see."

He drew a handkerchief from out of one of the inner pockets of his shooting jacket, leaned his gun up against a tree, and, going down on one knee, deliberately untied two or three knots, and displayed the little heap of Range's curly hair and beard.

The old man dropped upon his knees, and examined the hair for a few moments, and then drew in a long breath.

"Tie it up again," he said, quietly; and when this was done, he rose and clapped the keeper on the shoulder, adding, "I ought to be a bit mad with you, my lad, for if you'd give me that at first, it would have saved a lot o' trouble. But there, you have spoke out at last. I see it all now."

"You do, sir?"

"Well," said Sam, rubbing his ear, "it's been a'most too much for me. I never could get that hair to fit wi' what weer down yonder, and when it weer all browt to light I couldn't mak nowt of it then."

"Yew'll get five hundred pound for your wedding, Sam Burton, after all, and I daresay my boy will make it another. Here, give me that handkerchief. One of them hairs is the end of the clue I've been thinking out. I shall soon find him now."

He snatched the handkerchief from the keeper, and went straight back to the house and into the library where Sir Robert was, in good old-fashioned style, sealing up a large letter with wax and crest.

"I found him!" cried Uncle Wash., triumphantly, and in ignorance that Judith, who was ever on the watch for news, had seen him coming and followed him in.

"Found him?" cried Sir Robert, dropping the wax.

"Yes; it is all as plain as a pikestaff now. Why we have all been blind as bats."

"I don't quite understand you, Mr. Range," said Sir Robert; "but I daresay you're right."

"Oh, I might have known from the first. Trick, sir, by some of our chaps from over yonder. They've smelt his coin, and followed him up. See here!"

He threw the handkerchief on the table and undid the knots.

"Well—that is some hair," said Uncle Robert.

"Yes, sir; his hair!—my boy's hair! Kid-napped, and shut up somewhere till he pays."

"Oh!"

It was poor Judith who uttered a deep sigh as she stood with a horrified look in her eyes.

"Yew there, my dear? Never mind. You had to know. Good-bye, and bless you. Next time we meet I'll bring my boy."

But Judith caught him by the arm.

"I'm going, too!" she said, quickly. "Uncle Robert, you must."

"Going? With me?" cried Uncle Wash.

"Yes!" cried Judith, excitedly. "I shall go. Now," she added, in a very quick whisper, "unsay those horrid wicked words."

"Wal, miss," said Uncle Wash., blandly, "there is only one gal in the wide world for my boy, and that little gal, my dear, is yew."

CHAPTER LXXXII.

THE BEAUTY OF ADVERTISING.

NO other hotel would suit Judith but the Grand, where Range's portmanteau was lying, and here they had been for three weeks waiting in hope and despair for news.

"Yew see," said Uncle Wash., "this London's a place that takes the conceit out of a man. Out at home we talk about England being a bit of an island, and London just as if it was one of our mighty cities; but when yew come to move about in it, my dear, there seems to be no beginning to it, and no end."

"Ah! it's a very big place," said Sir Robert.

"Big, sir, don't express it," said Uncle Wash. "I've been out and about ever since I come here: and whenever I think I've seen about all of it, I keep finding that there's ever so much more. I'm beginning to think that there's a small bit o' country that yew call Yorkshire, and all the rest of England is London."

"But have you no news?"

"Nary bit, my dear. These private detective chaps is very clever at talking and making inquiries, but they never seem to ask in the right place. No wonder; London's a wonderful place, where yew might hide a thousand Arthur Lincoln Ranges away, and no one be a bit the wiser. It's so big—yes, it is big."

"Why not try Scotland Yard now?"

"Don't think it would be any good, sir; don't, indeed. It makes me that mad——"

"Stop!" cried Judith, suddenly. "Don't think me foolish, Mr. Range, but you said 'mad' just now."

"Right, my dear—mad; it does make me mad."

"It is only an idea of mine," said Judith. "That hair cut off," she continued, hesitatingly; "don't they—oh! I can't say it—people who are supposed to be mad?"

Uncle Wash. gave the table a tremendous bang with his huge fist.

"If my time was to come over again I should like to be a woman, lady!" he cried. "That's as likely as can be. Excuse for keeping him shut up somewhere. We haven't tried that yet. I'm off!"

The next morning advertisements appeared in all the morning papers.

"FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD!

"MISSING.—A young gentleman, about twenty-eight years of age, fair complexion, well built; speaks with slight American accent. Supposed to have been kidnapped and kept a prisoner in some private madhouse. Information to be given to Washington Range, Grand Hotel, Charing Cross, London, W. C."

"We shall find him now!" said Uncle Wash., folding the *Times* for Sir Robert to see that morning. "I haven't shown it to her."

Sir Robert nodded his satisfaction, and then breakfast was eaten; and Judith was looking forward to another weary day of waiting.

She was disappointed, for Uncle Wash. had sprung a mine of whose power he was unaware till the post came in.

Five hundred pounds reward! It was a very large sum; and there were a good many people who were anxious to win the prize.

In fact, the letters came in by delivery after delivery, till the party in their private room looked at each other in dismay.

Not that they were allowed to read them in peace, for card after card was brought in.

First there were the private inquiry agents, gentlemen who made inquiries in cases of divorce, etc. These had already been set to work, but one after the other came a perfect regiment of these professional gentlemen seeking an interview, and promising success on the grounds that they all had been accustomed to lunacy cases.

"But this is not a lunacy case," burst in Judith, angrily.

"Precisely ma'am, assumed lunacy. In fact, I may say," continued one who may be taken as a type of the whole, "assumed lunacy has been my specialty, and if the case is placed in my hands, you may rest assured that in a very few days the young gentleman will be restored to his friends again."

Judith was employing the professional gentlemen one by one, but Uncle Wash. was not so eager.

"Very well," he said. "Find him, and here's five hundred pounds the day you bring him home."

"Thank you, yes, of course," said one man. "I must ask you though for a cheque for preliminary expenses. Sir, you may consider your relative found and restored to the bosom of his family."

"Find him, then," said Uncle Wash., bluntly. "I've offered a good fee. No clue, no pay."

Judith looked troubled, and was ready to oppose this course, but Sir Robert sided with the American, and the private inquirers were bowed out.

"It isn't the money, my dear," said Uncle Wash. "I don't care how many thousand dollars it costs, but it's of no use to pay money away for nothing. If any of these fellows is worth a cent, he'll take the case up on spec. Those who are not worth a cent are of no use to us."

Then there were the letters.

The number of observant elderly ladies who knew where "that unfortunate young man was concealed" was astounding. They had always felt sure that there was some mystery about him since he was first brought to the house, and they had said so.

Anyone who had seen him go out with his keeper could tell in a moment, and all that was necessary was for the advertiser to come down to Blank Town or such and such a suburb, of course bringing the money, and the suspense would be at an end.

Judith's eyes sparkled as she heard the first of these letters read. When she had heard the others, written in a similar strain she looked at Sir Robert in a much puzzled way.

"No good, my dear," said the old gentleman, shaking his head.

"Guess not," said Uncle Wash., in assent. "Seems as if we've only got to offer a big enough reward, and we can find anything we want."

Post after post brought in letters, and for hours Judith and Uncle Wash. read and destroyed some as absolutely useless, made extracts, and dogholed others as being worthy of further notice.

At the end of three days, they found themselves with investigations to make that would, if fairly conducted, last them for three months.

For the man they sought was kept a prisoner in Scotland; in Jersey; in the north-west of Ireland; at an old manor near Cromer; down in Cornwall; at a lunatic asylum in Anglesea; in short, he was everywhere. There was no doubt about it—every correspondent had found him; and the only thing to settle was where to go first.

"What do you say about it, Uncle dear?" said Judith; "we ought not to waste any time."

"No," said Sir Robert; "so I say let us get back to Helmthorpe. We shall do no good in running after moonshine."

"Oh, uncle!" cried Judith, pitifully. "What do you think, Mr. Range?"

"No use to waste time and money over one of those letters," said the old man, shaking his head.

"But we must do something," said Judith. "It is such terrible work sitting here and knowing that he may be watching and waiting for us to come day after day."

"Let's have dinner," said Uncle Wash. "I can think better then."

Judith looked at the old man with horror and disgust as he crossed the room, but before he reached the bell the door opened, and the waiter, with a profound look of disgust upon his countenance, produced by the number of callers he had shown up, and letters he had brought, handed a card upon a salver.

"Reverend Frederick Farleigh," read Uncle Wash.

"Says his business is of great importance, sir."

"Show him up," cried Uncle Wash., grimly. "Perhaps we may get some truth from a member of the church."

The waiter withdrew, and a few minutes after returned to usher in the curate in charge of Northall.

He looked quickly round and bowed to Judith.

"Mr. Washington Range?" he said, quickly.

"That's me," said Uncle Wash. "Yew've come about the advertisement?" he continued, sharply, for he was very hungry and exasperated by weariness and disappointment.

"Exactly."

"And yew've seen a gentleman somewhere who answers to the description?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, sir, w've got two hundred and fourteen who answer exactly to the description, and when we've seen all of them we'll come and look at your man, but I don't think you'll get the reward."

"Reward!" cried the visitor, excitedly. "I want no reward. I can show you where Mr. Arthur Range, the gentleman who was staying at this hotel, is now detained."

"Here, stop!" cried Uncle Wash. "How did you know that he ever stayed at this hotel?"

"He gave me his card," said the visitor. "For heaven's sake, gentlemen, don't treat the matter so cavalierly!"

"Oh! uncle, Mr. Range, pray listen to this gentleman!"

"You are Miss Nesbitt?" cried Farleigh, eagerly.

"Yes," said Judith, starting up.

"He begged me to write to you and Sir Robert Fanshaw."

"Then hang it all, sir," cried Sir Robert, starting up, "why didn't you?"

"Because I was blinded by the specious representations of the men who are with him—his brothers."

"Brothers!" cried Uncle Wash. "Why, he never had no brother. Here, this will do. Where is he?"

"Not a dozen miles from here, gentlemen."

"You can take us to the place?"

"Certainly. You need not look doubtful. The poor fellow is kept a prisoner. They declare he is a—is not in his right mind."

"I shall soon be not in my right mind," cried Sir Robert, stamping to the bell, which he rang furiously.

It was answered directly.

"Here, put back our dinner for two hours," he cried. "Cab to the door at once. Now, Mr. Farleigh, are you ready? Shall we take a policeman?"

"I hardly think it will be necessary," was

the reply. "You know how those are armed whose cause is just."

"Right," cried Sir Robert. "No, no, my dear, not now."

"Yes, uncle, I must go too."

"No, my dear," said Uncle Wash. "This time we must go alone. There, you shall see us again to-night, and please God we won't come alone."

Judith gave way, for a sudden dread had assailed her. She had been all eagerness to help to discover Range; but now the discovery had been made, an intense desire came to her prompting a retreat.

She wanted to get back to Helmthorpe. She could not meet Arthur Range. What would he think of her if he found that she had been so eager to trace him out?

Animated by these quite novel feelings, she stood listening as the door closed, and then ran to the window to look out and see the little party enter a cab, which was driven quickly away.

"I s'pose," said Uncle Wash., "there'll be no need for me to use this."

He took a revolver from his pocket, and examined the charges.

"Not the slightest, sir," said Sir Robert, rather stiffly. "We keep police here to do our fighting for us. All we have to do is to find out where our friends is, and the law will do the rest."

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

RANGE'S ARM IS STRONGER.

THE care of the prisoner had slightly relaxed on the strength of the broken arm, and, feeling this, Range determined to keep the rapidity of the mending as secret as he could, and made a feint of not dispensing with the sling.

And now, in spite of his efforts, the monotony of his life was terrible. He found no relief in his birds; the clay mill, with its plodding horses going round and round, seemed to madden him; and he dared not try to call the attention of the brickmakers, for twice over, when he had done so, they had collected beyond the wall, to stand and brutally laugh at his aspect.

About every four or five days Sheldrake came up, sometimes to banter, sometimes to fiercely threaten. Generally he had papers with him ready for signature, but the result was always the same; he left the room with the words—

"Your petty cash is not nearly ended, Arthur, dear brother. We are very comfortable, and you will pay us our big stake yet."

"Shall I pay them, and put an end to it?" thought Range, one morning. "It is killing me."

He sat gazing out of the window at the bright sunshine on the distant hills, and it seemed to him that, though all was miserable and dejected close at hand, the brickfield harmonising well with his life, he had only to take that one short step and be free.

"No," he said, rising; "it is not the money only. I said I would not give in, and I'll escape yet. One of these days I shall get a chance."

But the chance did not seem to come. Farleigh had been to see him twice, and was most sympathetic, hearing all he had to say, and leaving him with the intention of writing to some of the friends he mentioned; but the conversation held afterwards with Sheldrake completely checked him; everything was so plain and straightforward, and Mewburn so excellent a counterfeit of his role.

The surgeon had long before given him up, highly satisfied with the promptitude with which his fees had been paid, for it was, he said, very thoughtful of the Reverend Frank Range towards a poor country practitioner with a large family.

The opportunity for escape came just when Range least expected it.

He was seated dejectedly by his open window one evening, when he heard Pannell and Mewburn chatting over a projected visit to the theatre.

It did not interest him in the least, for the sunshine in the west was sending a rich warm glow over the distant landscape, and he was thinking of how the trees used to look at Helmthorpe when he was staying there.

One scrubby fir-tree stood in the distance and he was trying to magnify this into Sir Harry's glorious fir woods, when he heard the familiar clang of the great iron gate, and soon afterwards he could hear Jane crooning over some old country ditty from round the corner below.

His musings were taking the line of how he had upset poor Jane, who had been by times distant and affectionate in her conduct when he heard the sounds made by the opening doors, and Sheldrake entered the room, with a quiet, determined look that roused Range from his lethargy, and made him turn a watchful eye upon his jailer.

Sheldrake took a chair, threw himself into it, and lit a cigar; and, as he took out the case, Range caught sight of the handle of a little revolver, the rather unclerical weapon showing as he held open the breast pocket of his coat.

"Have a cigar?" said Sheldrake coolly; and he held out the case, but Range did not offer to take one.

"Just as you like. I want to talk to you. I made the boys stay down so that we could chat to ourselves."

"Chat!" thought Range, but he did not speak, only watched Sheldrake as he lit his cigar and threw the match out of the window.

"I've been thinking that with this fine summer weather coming on, and your arm getting well again and strong, how much better it would be to end this business. You must want a change, Arthur."

Range paced round with his arm in a sling.

"So you and I had better settle this business to-night. As I've told you a score of times before, you have only to write a letter to your agents, giving them certain orders, whose value you will never miss; and as soon as they are honored, and you have given me a statement that all has been done of your free will, and that you have us to thank for our kindly treatment during your long mental illness——"

"Stamp myself, by my own act, as a madman?"

"Exactly."

"And open the way for anyone to say I am not fit to have charge of my property?"

"Yo—es; only I shall keep the paper private, my dear boy. There, as I say, you need but use your pen to this effect—half an hour will do it, Arthur, my dear fellow; and then, when everything is right to my satisfaction—our satisfaction—we'll shake; you shall thank me for the lesson I have given you, and you may go."

"Ha!" ejaculated Range.

"I see! You are longing for a change, so what do you say? Shall we settle the business now?"

"No!" said Range, quietly.

"You had better, my dear boy. I must confess that, in spite of my exemplary patience, I am getting a bit weary; and your petty cash, which you entrusted to my care for your board, is all gone but the last hundred."

"You amuse me," said Range.

"Yes, I suppose so. It is surprising what trifles please gentlemen who are touched with a bit of insanity."

Range frowned.

"Suppose I decline?" he said once more.

"You won't decline. You've had enough of it."

"I shall decline."

"Wait a bit. Think it over first."

"I've thought it over for months, scoundrel!"

"Look here, Arthur Range. Everyone about here thinks you mad, even your clerical friend, who is a poor weak sheep more than a shepherd. We can do what we like with you without interference, for, if it were necessary, the doctor who mended your arm so badly would give us a certificate directly to say that you are raving mad at times. Now, so far I've been patient, but I tell you this: unless you sign those papers at once I'll make your life such a purgatory that you shall wish yourself dead."

Range sat looking at him with a wild look in his eyes, but he did not stir, though strange thoughts were rising and a dangerous feeling was growing moment by moment.

"Up to now we've been patient and cool. You've been treated like a gentleman. Now, confound you," cried the scoundrel, furiously, "you shall lead such a dog's life as man never led before. A cellar and a chain and darkness—curse you, I'll tame your proud stomach; for the man isn't living who can get over me when I've set my mind on a thing."

"The others are out," thought Range, "and it is now man to man. I'll fight him with his own weapons—cunning and fraud."

"You daren't do that," he said, aloud.

"Daren't? You idiot! One of your raving fits would be sufficient excuse. My good fellow, you don't know how easy it is to make a man seem mad in this country, and—you've found that out—the difference is very slight. Once a man is stamped lunatic he finds it as durable as tattooing."

"But you daren't do what you say."

"Ha! ha! ha! I dared to take possession of my dear brother's body when he was wasting his substance; and I have devoted myself to him, as the world about here knows, resigning an appointment, and giving up the lady to whom I was to be married, Arthur, because I dreaded the hereditary taint of insanity in our blood. Oh! it's a beautiful story, and the people about here all believe it, your friend Farleigh included, who shed tears with me when I smoked a pipe with him the other night at his lodgings. They all say I'm such a good man."

Range sat down thinking.

"Bah! Throw it up, my lad. You don't want to starve in a cellar and be shown as a lunatic. You'll have more than you can spend where champagne bubbles and bright eyes glance, and life is before you. Come, we've had enough of these weary months. You've shown pluck that has made me proud of you. There, now, throw up the sponge!"

"Give me one of those cigars."

"That's better," said Sheldrake, taking out his case, but giving Range a suspicious look, the result of his watchful nature. "There's a good one for you—prime weeds. Box of the best. Present from you."

He approached Range in apparently the most careless manner, but as ready as a tiger that suspects danger; and as he bent down over his prisoner, he took hold of him by the upper part of the arm that was in a sling.

Range uttered a sharp cry, and Sheldrake started back, looking, with one hand in his breast, at the foe before him, now white as ashes.

The cause was not pain but excitement, as Range, with wrinkled brow, softly drew the sling aside, and set free his arm, drawing in his breath, and softly rubbing the place where Sheldrake's hand had been.

"I didn't know it was so tender still."

"Better directly," said Range, stooping and picking up the cigar that had fallen, and letting his injured arm swing loose and helpless as he bit off the cigar end. "Give me a light."

"The big nerve from the shoulder is wrong, my lad. Soon come around," said Sheldrake, striking a light, and holding it for Range as the latter bent forward, his left hand guiding the cigar between his lips.

Puff, puff, puff, and the cigar being slowly turned round.

"Bone's getting pretty strong again?" said Sheldrake.

"Quite, you dog!" roared Range, biting the cigar in two, so that one end fell, and he spat the other in his tormentor's face, seizing him at the same moment by the throat. "Quite; and I've not toiled to keep all my strength for nothing. It's my turn now!"

"Jack—Nathan!" shouted Sheldrake, struggling hard as he was driven back by the sudden assault.

"Call louder! They're in London!" said Range, through his teeth; and then, for a good ten minutes, there was a furious struggle: chairs were kicked aside, the table overset, and the heavy panting of two strong men were heard as they wrestled savagely.

But for his gymnastic exercises, Range must have been overcome. As it was he was thrown heavily, but he clung to his adversary; and when they struggled to their feet again the fight was continued here and there, till Sheldrake wrested one hand free, and thrust it into his breast, to drag out a revolver and cock it.

The act gave him the advantage of possessing a deadly weapon, but he had only one hand to keep his adversary at bay; and quick as lightning Range threw the whole of his strength into the effort, tripped him, and threw him heavily, so that he went down with a tremendous crash.

Range paused for a moment to draw breath, and then, rushing to the door, he wrenched round the key, and threw the portal wide open.

"Freedom!" he panted to himself, as he saw the passage before him. Escape at last! But just then there was an obstacle in the shape of Sarah Pannell, who opened the further doors.

This was good and bad according as he could work it, and he tried to do his best.

He could easily have slammed to the door and rushed along the passage—his first impulse; but he determined to master impulses, and do everything well, so as to be sure; and hence that it was he stopped to tear out the key, and re-insert it with trembling hands.

"There!" he cried, excitedly, as he glanced at where Sheldrake was struggling up into a kneeling position: "it is my turn now!"

It was not an easy thing to do, simple as it seemed, that thrusting back of the key into the lock, for it seemed to fit badly, and to catch here and there as a key will at times; and so it was that, occupied as he was with this, he did not for the moment grasp Sheldrake's intention, nor realize his action, as he crouched upon one knee, and rested his elbow as he took steady aim.

It was a matter of moments; and then, as Range realized what was about to occur, there was a flash of flame, a puff of white smoke, and the whiz of a bullet as it sped on its way. The long passage echoed with the quick report, and then re-echoed, but this time to the sound of a heavy fall.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CULTURE.—The penalties of Bostonian culture are sometimes severe. A lady in New York recently sought a friend who was an acknowledged literary authority and asked, in a tone of deepest anxiety: "Will you tell me whether you would say, 'I shall do a certain thing Saturday,' or, 'I shall do it on Saturday?'" "I should never give a thought to the difference of expression," replied the lady addressed. "But the Bostonians are so particular, you know," continued the inquirer. "Now, I have a very dear friend there who used to write to me frequently, but for some time I have hardly had a letter from her at all, and when I asked the reason she told me it was so painful to her to read my letters when I used 'of' instead of 'in,' or when I inadvertently substituted the present for the perfect participle, that she must, with reluctance, relinquish the correspondence."

"My dear," returned the literary lady consulted, "I should not consider her letters or her friendship of any value. I would rather have a friend who would disintegrate the whole language, and use a plural noun with a singular verb, or vice versa, than one who would express herself in that fashion." "But my friend is so cultivated," persisted the lady. "Now, she wrote me that she had never been so nearly satisfied with any English as with that of a well known author and that after having made a critical examination of his writings she found only one error—a sentence where he had used in instead of on. It is a great deal in life to have a friend like that," and she sighed regretfully. "It is, indeed," laconically replied the lady addressed. A deeper significance ran through the terse little sentence than the admirer of Boston culture suspected.

A PARIS paper says: "The other day a sweet-faced girl of six presented herself at the bureau of the City Pawn Shop and, handing something to the official with childlike signs of inward struggling, said: 'You must lend me a great deal of money on my doll; mother is very ill.' The pawnbroker for once was unequal to the situation. He gave the child five francs, handed her back her doll, and called for the next customer.

Do be reticent; the world at large has no interest in your private affairs.

Scientific and Useful.

ARTIFICIAL STONE.—A very good artificial stone is made by using one part of Portland cement and three parts of clean sharp sand.

RUSTED SCREWS.—To loosen a rusted screw apply heat to its end. A small bar or rod of iron, flat at the end, if reddened in the fire and applied for two or three minutes, will render easy the withdrawal of the screw.

EAR-ACHE.—It is said that almost instant relief of ear-ache is afforded by the following simple method. Put five drops of chloroform on a little cotton or wool in the bowl of a clay pipe, then blow the vapor through the stem into the aching ear.

BOILERS.—Experiments have been made in France with electricity as an agent to prevent the incrustation of boilers. The passage of a current through a boiler not only causes the impurities of the water to settle as a loose powder but detaches the old incrustation.

NEW BRICKS.—In Germany they are now trying a composition of cork, sand and lime, molded into bricks, for the construction of light partition walls. It is said to exclude sound better than ordinary brickwork, while being light and a good non-conductor of heat.

DRAWINGS.—To prevent pencil-drawings from rubbing off, without discoloring or injuring the paper, float the drawing, back downwards, on a solution of equal parts of milk and water, so as to wet the paper through, but not sufficiently, to allow any of the liquid to run on the surface of the drawing.

BRASS.—Sulphuric acid will remove spots from brass that will not yield to oxalic acid. It may be applied with a brush; but great care must be taken that no drop of the acid shall come in contact with clothes or skin, as it is ruinous to garments and to cuticle. Bath brick or rotten stone may be used for polishing, the latter being preferable for delicate work.

CRUSHED ICE.—The value of crushed ice as a dressing for burns and scalds is confirmed. The ice, after being reduced by crushing or scraping to a fine state of division, as dry as possible, is mixed with fresh lard into a paste, which is placed in a thin cambric bag and laid upon the burn. This is said to banish all pain until the mixture has so far melted that a fresh dressing is necessary.

Farm and Garden.

LAWNS.—A pound of guano, with two pounds of sulphate of potash, dissolved in half a barrel of water, makes an excellent fertilizer when sprinkled on lawns.

VERMIN ON STOCK.—In California they have a remedy for lice on stock composed of an ointment of equal parts of lard and snuff. It is not applied to the entire body, but a ring of it, two or three inches wide, completely around the neck has the desired effect.

CLOVER.—Clover plowed in has three effects: It gives vegetable mold, the roots bring to the soil plant food out of the subsoil, and the acid produced when the decay is going on, aids in dissolving the mineral parts of the soil. In granite lands this last is of as much importance as either of the others.

BARNS.—A late farmer who was remarkable for his sound judgment, thought it cheaper to cover a barn with rough boards, without painting, and to repeat the covering when time had caused decay, than to have the whole surface planed and painted; but cheapest of all is to soak the rough boards with crude petroleum.

THE HORSE.—To fatten a horse, mix a bushel of flaxseed, one of barley, one of oats and one of corn, and grind the mixture together. Feed two or three quarts of the mixture three times a day, mingled with a peck of cut hay and straw. If the horse eats readily, let the quantity be gradually increased until he will eat four or six quarts at every feeding three times a day.

STABLE WINDOWS.—Windows in stables should be so arranged that the light will strike both eyes of the horse with equal force. They should be placed in the rear, if possible, and if this cannot be done, they should be placed in front of the horse. When the windows are placed in front they should be provided with shutters or blinds, that the light may be regulated according to the brightness of the day.

COOKED FOOD.—Cooked food at any time is much easier to digest that it is in a raw state, and it is claimed by chemists that the nutritious value of some kinds of food is increased by cooking it. It has been experimented with in feeding swine and cattle over and over again, and with excellent results, for any method of softening grain, either by cooking it, or by fermentation, turns the starch into sugar, which is much easier digested.

COWS AND EXERCISE.—A needless amount of consideration is often given to the question of exercise for cows. Exercise develops muscle and bone, but not dairy qualities except when there is really too little exercise to maintain health, and not much is needed for that when good feed, grooming and ventilation are furnished regularly. Cows need flesh and fat to be profitable, and that comes most cheaply by a quiet life and plenty to eat. The exercise argument is generally urged by those old fogies who hate a change—from pasturing to soiling.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4, 1885.

Purity, Progress, Pleasure and Permanence are conspicuously ineffaceable features written by the finger of Time on the venerable record of this paper. To the thousands who have drawn many of their noblest thoughts and much of their sweetest enjoyment from its familiar columns, in the two generations covering its history, renewed assurances of devotion to their gratification and improvement are superfluous. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST exists solely to serve the best interests and promote the truest pleasures of its patrons and readers. It hopes to constantly deserve the unswerving approval of its great army of old and new friends. It aspires to no higher ambition. To accomplish this, nothing shall impede the way. The best productions of the noblest thinkers and the finest writers will fill its columns, and the unwearied energies of the most careful editors shall be continuously devoted to its preparation. Nothing impure or debasing will be permitted to defile its pages nor make them an unworthy visitor to any home. The most Graphic Narrations, Instructive Sketches, Fascinating Stories, Important Biographical Essays, Striking Events, Best Historical Descriptions, Latest Scientific Discoveries, and other attractive features adapted to every portion of the family circle, will appear from week to week, while the Domestic, Social, Fashion and Correspondence Departments will be maintained at the highest possible standard of excellence. Its sole aim is to furnish its subscribers with an economical and never-failing supply of happiness and instruction, which shall be as necessary to their existence as the air they breathe. While myriads of silken threads in the web of memory stretch far back in the history of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, it will never rest on past laurels, but keep fully abreast of all genuine progress in the spirit of the age in which the present generation lives. It earnestly seeks and highly appreciates the favor and friendship of the pure and good everywhere, but desires no affiliation with, nor characteristic approval from, their opposites.

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Terror of Neighbors' Talk.

"What will they say?" has probably produced more unhappiness than any other common expression in our American social life. It seems to penetrate clear into the very bones and marrow of existence, and create a spasmodic terror that is unparalleled in other sentiments. If, for instance, the excellent wife of one of the leading citizens in almost any community should find that necessity actually required her to wear last year's bonnet pressed over and newly ornamented by only a fresh flower or bow, after having had entirely new outfits continuously every season since marriage, the spectre of "what will people say?" would probably haunt her sleeping and waking thoughts, to the utter exclusion of that sweet contentment which should fill her heart with joy at the innumerable blessings that still remain to her lot. Really, what could people say in such a case other than that the lady was most estimable and dutiful, to so cheerfully practice economy which circumstances made incumbent and consistent? But no. Such sentiments seldom find expression. Lofty Mrs. Swansdown significantly remarks that she "always thought Mr. Goodman's family were living beyond their means, and would soon have to pinch to get along." She was sorry for poor Mr. G., who seemed to struggle so hard to provide for them; but Mrs. G. and the girls would try to outshine everybody else, and now they were getting paid for their folly." Crisp Miss Julia Jones, of uncertain age and unattractive mein, always knew that Mrs. G's amiable airs were put on for effect, and now people would soon find out just how much her sweet smiles and fresh looks would amount to. Keen Mrs. Lawyer Blackstone mysteriously says that "she has understood for a long time that much of Mr. Goodman's money has been made by methods that would not stand investigation, and she guesses some of them have been considerably curtailed of late, which will explain why Mrs. G. has to wear last year's bonnets." The younger Goodmans, at school, are compelled to submit to cool treatment from the teachers, and unkind sneers from their schoolmates, who have caught the spirit from their parents and elder friends, and give utterance to it almost instinctively, until one might almost suppose that the Goodman family were a set of desperate criminals unfortunately outside of prison walls, and their neighbors virtuously working to incarcerate them where they justly belonged. All because necessity, reason and common sense require the practice of economy where previously there might have been thoughtless, and perhaps needless, prodigality. The wise proverb, that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," has weighty force; but when undertaken in the present scandal-loving, neighborhood back-biting, and enviously jealous age, is accomplished with great difficulty. Scores of ostensible forms for promoting the general good, cloak the most venomous slander-disseminating puddles, that should make the cheek of honest humanity crimson with shame. The great question with everyone ought to be: what could *truthfully* be said that was derogatory to their real character and necessary actions, and not, "what they will say," from imperfect knowledge of actual facts, stimulated by base natures and scandalous cravings.

Should Young Ladies Decline?

Of course we refer solely to the question of matrimonial proposals, which are at some time a paramount topic in every lady's history. The interrogatory need not be expanded to include widows, nor those of advanced age, nor, in fact, any but the blushing maidens who may fairly be classed under the designation of "young ladies." Widows, of either the genuine or "grass" species, may ordinarily be supposed to have accumulated sufficient wisdom from past "experience" to properly guide their conduct in future without hazardous results, while the contingency of age itself may be the irresistible force that would prevent declination by those of uncertain years. Unquestionably there are many things that every estimable young lady should decline; as, for instance, an excess of peanuts, a superfluity of chewing-gum, too many plates of ice-cream, a deceptive use of artificial beautifiers, an acceptance of invitations to church, ball, or theatre, from more than one escort on the same occasion, an introduction to men of unknown respectability, a participation in unkind remarks concerning others of their own sex, and numberless like things that detract from true enjoyment, or produce the pangs of unhappiness. Natural kindness and pure instincts may, however, generally be relied on for proper guidance in such circumstances, but when the subject of matrimony, which is really the most important epoch in every woman's life, is considered, is it not wise and well to apply more serious thought to the matter, so as to arrive at correct conclusions? The relation of the sexes necessitates that the man must always be the one to "propose," while the woman inevitably disposes of her own fate, and that of the man, too, most emphatically, in a majority of cases. Such being the facts of actual experience, notwithstanding the Adamic theory, and Mosaic teachings, that woman is properly the subordinate ornamental companion of man, polished into beautiful similitude from a superfluous rib, is it not equity towards impulsive and enthusiastic young men who have been allowed to fan the sparks of ardent admiration into the flames of devoted love, that they should be sure of an affirmative answer when they do brave the risk of positive proposal? All the world knows that the rudest boor, or simplest admirer, could never summon courage to broach the tender topic of love unless they had been previously stimulated thereto by some glance of approval or token of appreciation, or other intuitive indication that their suit was favored long in advance of the actual climax of proposal. Is it not, therefore, both judicious and a matter of duty on the part of every young lady to so guage her conduct and intercourse with gentlemen acquaintances as to prevent any matrimonial proposals except from the one her heart and affections approve, and will unqualifiedly accept? The apparently trivial events that bring many people together in first acquaintance, and subsequent marriage alliance, are doubtless among the most important providences that occur, and a subject that is fraught with such weighty results should never be treated lightly. If every young lady could fully understand the life-long misery, or happiness, that is likely to ensue from the acceptance or rejection of matrimonial proposals, there would be less thoughtless capriciousness, and rash flirtations would be wholly unknown.

COVETOUSNESS is not natural to man; generosity is. But covetousness must be excited by a special cause, as a given disease by a given miasma; and the essential nature of a material for the excitement of covetousness is that it shall be a beautiful thing which can be retained without a use. The moment we can use our possessions to any good purpose ourselves, the instinct of communicating that use to others rises side by side with our power. If you can read a book rightly, you will want others to hear it; if you can enjoy a picture rightly, you will want others to see it; learn how to manage a horse, a plough, or a ship, and you will desire to make your subordinates good horsemen, ploughmen, or sailors—you will never be able to see the fine instrument you are master of abused; but, once fix your desire on anything useless, and all the purest pride and folly in your heart will mix with the desire, and make you at last wholly inhuman—a mere ugly lump of stomach and suckers, like a cuttlefish.

As we advance from youth to middle age, a new field of action opens, and a different character is required. The flow of gay, impetuous spirits begins to subside; life gradually assumes a graver cast; the mind a more sedate and thoughtful turn. The attention is now transferred from pleasure to interest; that is, to pleasure diffused over a wider extent, and measured by a larger scale. Formerly, the enjoyment of the present moment occupied the whole attention; now no action terminates ultimately in itself, but refers to some more distant aim. Wealth and power, the instrument of lasting gratification, are now coveted more than any single pleasure; prudence and foresight lay their plan; industry carries on its patient efforts; activity pushes forward; address winds around; here, an enemy is to be overcome; there, a rival to be displaced; competition warms; and the strife of the world thickens on every side.

A MAN can no more hold himself entirely aloof from the thoughts of others than from the sunlight and the air around him; both will influence and form him, whether he desire it or not. Of course, he can shut himself away from a large measure of either, and grow pale and weak, bodily and mentally, in consequence; but that will not make what little power is left him more entirely his own. The best thinker is he who gladly welcomes every aid, who is hospitable to every thought, who weighs every opinion, respects every honest conviction, and thankfully adopts such ideas as approve themselves to his judgment, yet at the same time so works over all he receives in the crucible of his own mind that the gold is purified and the dross expelled. When he gives it to others by lip or pen, it is not less, but more his very own than if he had not enriched his mind from so many sources.

IT is a mistake to suppose that enjoyment is something necessarily apart from our work, or what we call duty. The serious and resigned tone which is commonly assumed in speaking of duty, tends to separate from it all thoughts of gladness or delight; whereas, there are few enjoyments so keen or so satisfactory as those connected with successful work and superior performance. The word "duty" is so comprehensive that it covers all of life—its play as well as its work, its leisure as well as its industry; and, in the ideal life, duty and enjoyment will ever be found hand in hand.

The World's Happenings.

Secretary Bayard is credited with an aversion for reading the papers.

The Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage carries an insurance of $20,000 on his life.

A little boy, an orphan, was not long ago on the chain-gang in Nashville, Tenn.

Francis Murphy says that marriages are made in Heaven, and dissolved in alcohol.

A rancher in Montana owns a dog that can pick out cattle with his brand upon them.

Drab white—something like a tramp's shirt—is one of the fashionable colors this year.

An order for job printing was received from Siberia, recently, by an Augusta, Me., man.

Cheese rinds are disposed of by making them into cement for mending glass and porcelain.

A man, claiming to be a scientist, wants some one to bore the earth to keep it from bursting.

Chelsea, Mass., has twenty different systems of sewerage, with a total of only twenty miles of sewers.

The "shrimp of the air" they call the 17-year locust, now that it is coming into vogue as an article of food.

Rev. Heber Newton joins the cremation crusade with the statement that it is duty to the living to burn the dead.

A scratch on his hand, developing into blood-poisoning, has caused the death of a man at Deer Lodge, M. T.

A German engineer has invented an electric target, on which a hand indicates the exact point where the bullet strikes it.

A Painesville, O., woman claims to have invented a unicycle that can travel at the rate of a mile and a half per minute.

A resident of Geddes, Onondago county, N. Y., is reported to have sold his wife for five dollars, saying he was "hard up."

New Bedford, Mass., carpenters shingled one side of the roof of a house before they discovered they were working on the wrong building.

No less than 12,000 collectors of "rare old stamps" were found among the school children of New York by a journalist of that city who made an investigation.

It is becoming quite "the thing" in the leading capitals of Europe to have baths sunk in the floor, with several steps leading down to them in the Pompeian fashion.

A chemist in New York asserts that in every 100 pounds of green tea used in this country the consumer drinks more than a half pound of Prussian blue and gypsum.

A young Englishman, arraigned in a New York court, a few days ago, on the charge of making off with $1,000, gave homesickness as an excuse for his crime.

A Connecticut sportsman lately shot a prize peacock belonging to one of his neighbors. He said he "thought it was a wild goose." An accomplished ornithologist that.

A new royal official has made his appearance on the St. James Palace staff since rats have multiplied there so uncomfortably. He is the "Royal Ratcatcher," and gets $40 a year.

A sensitive miner in California recently committed suicide because he had heard he was charged with giving liquor to a prisoner in the local jail, and endeavoring to assist him to escape.

A Kansas paper speaks of it as a remarkable fact that, in a certain instance where an engineer was wanted, a "machine" was placed in the hands of a woman, who run it to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Freaks of the hen tribe have been very numerous of late, but none, perhaps, are more remarkable than an egg with eleven yolks, which an Alloway, N. J., woman claims was produced by one of her chickens.

A queer freak of nature in the shape of a "cat-rabbit," is attracting attention in Montgomery, Ala. The head and half the body of the creature resemble those of a cat, while the other part of the body is like that of a rabbit.

A drunken man laid down a few nights ago beside the track of a railroad leading into New York City, and narrowly escaped instant death, the wheels of an express train having come in such close proximity to his head as to knock off his hat and slightly graze his skull.

A Hartford, Conn., couple who thirty years ago were engaged to be married, but quarrelled and separated before the arrival of the appointed time, were united in matrimony the other day. The bride had remained single ever since. The groom married, but lost his wife three years ago.

The redemption clerk who is in trouble over a large deficit in the Sub-Treasurer's office at New Orleans, is said to have such an astonishing faculty for detecting counterfeit money, that he has often detected one while blindfolded, stopping at it as he ran over a package in which it had been placed.

"For an obvious reason I will dismiss the congregation, and dispense with the communion service," said Rev. Mr. Lombard, rector of the Episcopal Church at Fairfield, Conn., on a recent Sabbath, as, at the first sounds of the organ, thousands of bees swarmed out of the roof, where they had gone into the honey-making business.

A mathematical genius has ascertained that if all the people of the world were brought together at Boston and stretched along the railroad track, they would only extend as far as New York. To accomplish this, he bunches them together at the rate of three to the square yard, and allows them to extend a half mile on either side of the track.

Talking-Rock is the name of a Georgia postoffice. The name is said to have originated in this way: Some one discovered in the vicinity a large stone upon which had been painted the words, "Turn me over." It required considerable strength to accomplish this, and when it was done the command, "Now turn me back, and let me fool some one else," was found boldly painted on the under side of the stone.

WHITE CLOVER.

BY RITA.

Some truant stars came down one night
  And danced on a velvet lawn;
But stayed too late and paled and died
  In the rose of an early dawn.

The thrush's call was mute that morn,
  The robin's song unsung:
And sadly all the drooping leaves
  In mournful silence hung.

But when another dawn had come,
  All fresh, and sweet, and fair,
The twinkling stars had reappeared,
  White clover blossomed there.

And when the daylight stole away,
  Their kindred in the sky
Sent dew-drop kisses, touched with tears,
  And whispered down—Good-bye!

A Golden Tress.

BY HENRY FRITH.

CAPTAIN Fitz-Hugh was hurriedly pacing up High Street, Portsmouth, one splendid July day, for he had much to do before he sailed. He had to bid good-by to several friends, to take a farewell of the Port Admiral's family, and—first of all—to have his hair cut!

He was a very handsome man of about thirty-five, and as he removed his hat when entering the apartment in which Mr. Crew, hairdresser, was wont to operate, that experienced individual decided that he had scarcely ever seen "so fine a 'ead of 'air!"

While the hairdresser drew up a chair and went for his scissors, which he apologized for having left in the shop, Captain Fitz-Hugh glanced round the room, and perceived lying on a table beneath the window a quantity of long, thick tresses of the most lovely auburn hair he had ever seen. He stepped across and took hold of it. It was fine and glittering as spun glass or silkworm's silk. The officer murmured:

"'Beauty draws us by a single hair.'

"This must be such hair as Lucrezia Borgia possessed, and of which Byron kept a hair or two. How wonderfully beautiful!"

"It is indeed, sir," said Mr. Crew, reentering the room; "and though I gave a good and fair price for it, I think no money could really pay its worth!"

"What could have induced any woman, to part with it?" exclaimed Harry Fitz-Hugh.

"Poverty, sir, I have no doubt," was the reply, "the young lady who wore it once—for she was a real lady, and no mistake—came in about an hour ago and asked me to buy it. She said it made her head ache, and she would sooner have the money; so we soon agreed about it."

"Was she very beautiful?" asked Harry.

"Well, no, sir, I should say not; personable and comely no doubt; very fair and with nice eyes, but not beautiful."

"Do you know who she was?"

"No, sir, I don't; she is, I think, a stranger in the place."

"Mr. Crew, will you sell me a single curl of these lovely tresses?" asked Captain Fitz-Hugh, after a pause; "I will give you your own price for it."

"Well, sir, you see it would hurt it to cut a long tress shorter; but you shall have this much of one for a guinea," and he drew a very little line off one of the tresses.

Captain Fitz-Hugh took it and turned it round his finger. How soft and silky it felt! A strange thrill passed through him. He turned the few hairs round into a ring, put them in a piece of silver paper which the hairdresser brought him, and placed the lock in his pocket-book. Then he submitted his own curls to the scissors.

There are no greater gossips than hairdressers or barbers; Mr. Crew was soon talking of all the floating news of the day while performing his task.

"Sail to-morrow, sir? Then you won't be at the Admiral's ball next Tuesday. Very handsome young lady his niece, sir. He has adopted her, I hear; she was one of his brother's children, who has a numerous family—a clergyman, sir. Her brother is to sail under you, sir? Well, now to think of that! Lieutenant, I suppose? Miss Vane is very handsome, but somehow she has rather a repelling air. It's astonishing the difference in people! Some make you feel happier when you look at them, as the young lady with the golden hair did; and some make you feel depressed, as if clouds came over the sun. Temper, I suppose, sir—character."

When Captain Fitz-Hugh left the hairdresser's, he proceeded at once to the Admiralty House, where, in fact, he was invited to luncheon.

He possessed a good private fortune, and was generally acceptable where there were marriageable young ladies.

The Admiral's wife had fancied that he was struck with their adopted daughter, Miss Vane, and was therefore anxious to promote their acquaintance.

She and her husband were childless, and had, as Mr. Crew said, adopted Lettice Vane; but the lady had found the Admiral's niece by no means as agreeable an addition to the family as she had hoped, and was, therefore, anxious to marry her off; any other means of getting rid of her not being possible, as the Admiral was blind to her faults; from which, indeed, he did not suffer as his wife did.

Lettice had a cross, dissatisfied temper, and was thoroughly uninteresting out of a ball-room or garden-party. She talked only for admiration, and would sit silent for hours when alone with her aunt, who dearly loved chat and gossip, and felt the silent presence of the beautiful Miss Vane as a sort of nightmare on her spirits.

She therefore welcomed Captain Fitz-Hugh very cordially. His ship belonged to the Channel squadron, and she hoped to see him again shortly. Lettice swept into the drawing-room soon after his arrival, splendidly dressed, but with a decided frown on her face. On seeing him, however, she brightened into a smile, and greeted him cordially.

"Your brother will stay to luncheon, Lettice, won't he?" asked the kind hostess, as her niece sat down and took up a feather-fan.

"Yes, thanks; he will join us as soon as papa can spare him."

"And your sister? Is she come?"

"No," said Miss Vane, flushing deeply. "She has sent an apology; she is very busy for Trevor, and she hopes you will excuse her. Indeed, she fears she cannot call here again, for our mother has sent her an urgent summons home."

"I am so sorry," said Mrs. Vane. "I had taken quite a fancy to her. She is so bright, she somehow warms one like sunshine."

"Rather an unpleasant quality in this burning heat," sneered Miss Vane. "But Rose is good-natured, I allow."

At this moment the admiral entered, followed by Miss Vane's brother, who had arrived a day or two before previously to join Captain Fitz-Hugh's ship. He was a tall, handsome young man, resembling his sister, but with a frank, gay smile; and as Captain Fitz-Hugh shook hands with him, he decided that his new lieutenant looked pleasant, but had a weak mouth and restless eyes. Miss Vane's manner to her brother was extremely cold, and Fitz-Hugh was conscious that she threw a chill both on the young officer and her aunt at luncheon.

"So Rose will have to leave for home as soon as you sail," said Mrs. Vane. "I wish she could have stayed with Lettice a little while, if only for the ball."

Trevor Vane colored as he replied:

"You are very kind, and I wish she could have stayed, but she is my mother's right hand you know, and they really could scarcely spare her for the two or three days we were in London together, and the two days we have been here."

"Rather hard lines for a young girl," said the Admiral, "to have the care of a whole family of young ones."

"And she bears it so cheerfully," added Mrs. Vane. "I was quite struck during my visit to the vicarage by her high spirits, and the cheerful way she took all her worries. It seemed to me she had scarcely a moment to herself, except when she sat with me; yet she never lost patience or looked worried by anything."

"She is the most unselfish girl I ever knew!" said Trevor, warmly. "I must say that, though she is my sister."

"I really think we might spare Captain Fitz-Hugh all these family details," said Lettice, rather scornfully.

"They interest me," said Harry. "I have no young female relatives, and I like to hear of other men's sisters."

"Is your mother living, Captain Fitz-Hugh?" asked Mrs. Vane.

"No, I am sorry to say," was the reply. "She died when I was a child, soon after my father. I was brought up by an aunt who certainly did not bear the worries I inflicted on her cheerfully."

"Boys are great plagues when they are little," said Lettice.

"Quite true, Miss Vane; and sometimes when they are not little."

"You are thinking of your 'young gentleman,' *alias* midshipman," she said, with a little laugh; "but you have the power of making them behave themselves. There is no discipline like that of the navy I know."

The conversation then took another turn, and Lettice became wonderfully amiable and pleasant to Harry Fitz-Hugh.

Something of the fascination her beauty had exercised over him at their first meeting returned; and when, on going back to the drawing-room, she played with great brilliancy—she had been well taught—he forgot the unpleasant impression of the early part of his visit, and was sorry that he was obliged to go away so soon; and when Mrs. Vane pressed him to return and dine at half past seven, he assented almost eagerly.

The Admiral's dinner-party was very pleasant, and Harry thought that Trevor Vane promised to be a gain to his band of officers, he seemed so intelligent and light-hearted.

They left the house together, Fitz-Hugh for his hotel, and Trevor Vane for his lodging, which was also in the High Street. At the door of the latter they parted.

Trevor admitted himself with a latch-key and ran swiftly upstairs into the drawing-room.

A young girl seated at a table busy at work sprang up as he entered and was at once clasped in his arms and kissed fervently.

"Still at work, my poor little darling!" he said. "Rose, how can I ever thank you for all you have done for me?"

"By being a good boy for ever and ever hereafter!" laughed the girl. "Have you had a pleasant evening?"

"Yes, very pleasant. Lettice was quite brilliant for the sake of my Commander, who also dined there, I suppose. She did not give me even a cross look. I suppose she thought she had bullied me enough this morning. Wasn't she in a rage when I told her what you had done for me; while she would not spare me a pound out of her large allowance!"

"You had better not have told her, Trevor."

"No—why? If I had dared, I would have told uncle Tom also; but I could not safely, he is such a Tartar!"

"And what is your Commander like, Trevor?" asked Rose, resuming her work; "now that you have talked with him."

"He is a capital fellow! Handsome, distinguished, gallant-looking. He has the very air of a man who would cut out a ship from under the guns of a battery. I wish you could have seen him!" regretfully.

"Yes; I should have liked it; but it will do another time. Aunt is not angry that I am not going there again, is she?"

"Oh, no! only sorry! They all praised you, till Lettice had to apologize to the 'Cap'en.' But oh! Rose, you have lost the ball too for my sake!" regretfully.

"It doesn't matter; I don't care for a ball, Trevor; at least," truthfully, "not under the circumstances."

For it was a disappointment. Rose dearly loved dancing, and the Admiral had promised her a new ball-dress if she remained, no small boon to a girl who had to dress on a fabulous fifteen pounds a year! However, it could not be helped; and she tried, by turning the conversation, to make Trevor forget her sacrifice.

Early the next morning brother and sister parted. Trevor insisted on seeing her off before he went on board; and she was fain to consent thus to forego watching his ship sail away as she had meant to do.

* * * * * * *

Rose's journey home was a long one, as her father's vicarage was in Devonshire, and she was very tired when she reached it; but no one would have thought so who had seen her spring from the cab into her father's arms, or when she answered the greetings of the younger brothers and sisters who clustered round her in the hall. They led her in triumph into the drawing-room, where her invalid mother lay on the sofa, and after the two had embraced, insisted on taking off her hat and cloak.

"She must have some tea before she goes upstairs, mustn't she, mother?" cried Geraldine, the next girl in age, and as she spoke she lifted off Rose's hat.

A general cry followed the action.

"Why, Rose," was uttered in one voice, "what have you done with your hair?"

"Given it to Trevor as a parting gift," she said, laughing and blushing.

"Oh, that's nonsence!"

"But, Rose," said her mother, with a distressed look, "why have you cut off your hair? It was your great beauty! I am very vexed at it!"

"I am sorry, mother," said the girl, tenderly, "but I couldn't help it. I will tell papa why I cut it off, and if he approves, I know you will. It will grow again."

"Never perhaps to its former wonderful length, nor in equal beauty, Rose! I am quite annoyed at your doing such a foolish thing! I hope it was not done to please Lettice?"

"Oh! no, mother. She is very angry about it, and says I am an idiot for my pains," laughing.

"I hope I shall not have the same to say," replied her mother.

The vicar at that moment entered, and at once perceived that his daughter's glorious hair was cut off, and now lay only in short rings on her head. He was equally surprised and annoyed, for he had been proud of her golden tresses; but she begged him to let her tell him the cause of their disappearance alone, and taking him away to his study, told him a tale which made him clasp her to his heart with tears in his eyes and bless her fondly. A few minutes afterwards the father and daughter reentered the drawing-room, and the vicar, turning to the surprised family, said:

"Rose has acted nobly about her hair, and I regard her little rings as a crown of honor. Ask her no more about it."

And as the vicar's command was never disobeyed, Rose heard no more of the departed glories of her golden tresses.

Time passed on, and the curls grew longer, and promised to be of the old sheen. But Rose had little time to think about them. She was so busy nursing her mother, teaching her sisters and two tiny brothers, and visiting the sick and poor of the parish.

One day there came a letter for her from Trevor enclosed in that to his father. It was seldom that he sent her a separate epistle, and Rose eagerly opened and read it. It ran thus:

"DEAREST OLD ROSE,

"I really can't help giving you a sheet to yourself, though you know how I hate letter-writing, because I have the very strangest thing to tell you. The skipper is, as you know by my report, a capital fellow; and he and I have had many long chats on the deck. He is not at all standoffish, though he is a strict and good officer.

"Well, one day we were standing chatting by the bulwark on the poop, when his coxswain, who was going on shore to execute some commissions for him, came up and asked for the list of articles to be bought. Captain Fitz-Hugh opened his pocket-book, and drew it out to give him, at the same moment letting fall from it a folded paper, which fell on the deck.

"The wind was very high, and before he could stoop to pick it up, it blew over and over, and had I not run after it, would have gone overboard. The paper was blown half off when I recovered it, and showed me that it was a curl of golden hair. I daresay I looked a little amused, though I tried to screw up a demure face when I gave it to him, for he flushed and laughed as he thanked me, and said, quoting Swift, I think—isn't it?

"'Only a woman's hair, Vane, but I should have regretted losing it. I gave a guinea for it. It was not given to me.'

"'Gave a guinea!' I exclaimed, amazed.

"Yes, I bought it from Crew, in High Street. Some girl had sold him her hair—the most glorious stuff you can imagine!—and I took a fancy to have a lock of it, which he sold me. So you see it is no love-token.'

"I believe I was redder in the face than he had been, for I could declare that it is your hair: but he did not notice my flushing; he was gazing on the hair with quite a look of affection.

"'Fancy selling it!' he said, dreamily. 'What a sacrifice it was! and why did she do it? I hope not to buy more finery!'

"'Oh, no!' said I. 'More likely to help some friend in need, like a dear, generous girl!'

"'Ay! that was it, I feel sure! What angels women are!'

"'Some,' said I, emphatically. 'Some are, and some are the reverse.'

"Now, Rose, what do you think of my story? Fancy the skipper giving a guinea for a few hairs of your dear little head! Are you not conceited, you golden-haired lassie? I could have told him that the heart was far more golden than the hair!"

Rose was greatly amused at this anecdote, and blushed all unseen at the sailor's extravagant admiration of her tresses. Her mother and father were equally amused when they read the letter.

* * * * * * *

Three years went on their speedy way. Miss Vane, the Admiral's heiress, was still Miss Vane, though her first youth—for she was eight years Rose's senior—was fading; and a fretful temper had left some traces round the delicate mouth and on the snowy brow.

Rose, just twenty, was far prettier than she had been; health, and a joyous sweet temper, gave an inexpressible charm to the girl's countenance, better than any beauty.

Captain Fitz-Hugh's ship was ordered home, and the family at the vicarage were in glad excitement at the idea of seeing their beloved Trevor once more.

No joy could perhaps be greater than that with which they welcome the bronzed, frank young fellow, when at last he stood amongst them. After more general greetings were over he managed to get Rose to himself, and said:

"I have kept my word, Rosebud; I have neither played cards, nor have I a single debt. You see what you bought with your golden tresses—and, by Jove! how they have grown again!"

Rose kissed him with eyes full of glad tears.

"Dear," she said, "I would have given my head itself for such a result."

"I believe you would, my darling! You are a regular brick, Rose! Oh, and what do you think? The skipper came down here in the train with me. He is going to stay for a few weeks at the Abbey. You should have seen how Lettice set her cap at him when we dined at the Admiral's, but I don't believe he cares for her."

"We have not seen Lettice for more than a year. Is she still as lovely as ever?" asked Rose.

"Well, no; not quite. She has a fretful, worried look. Of the two I prefer you, little sunshine, as a beauty now."

"Nonsense, Trevor! How can you talk such nonsense? As if I could be compared with Lettice!" exclaimed Rose.

Was it because Miss Vane knew that Captain Fitz-Hugh was their near neighbor for the time being that she wrote and invited herself to visit her parents at that very time? We believe it was; Trevor declared that he was certain of it, and jested about "her intentions" to Rose, who, however, would never listen to anything ill-natured about her sister.

It was the day after Miss Vane's arrival. The sisters were walking in the vicarage garden under some lime-trees which formed an embowered path near a small coppice which belonged to the glebe, when they saw Trevor approaching, accompanied by a tall, stately man, with a rather nautical air about him.

"Here is Captain Fitz-Hugh!" exclaimed Lettice. "You see, he has come over directly he knew that I was here."

She had been confiding to Rose the idea her aunt had, that Captain Fitz-Hugh meant to propose to her.

Harry was really glad to see her, and advanced with the frank courtesy of his profession to greet her; then, as she turned and said, "Captain Fitz-Hugh—my sister Rose," he started; for there stood a young girl, with cheeks like roses—aflame, in fact, from the memory of the lock of hair she knew he kept—and hair glistening in the sunshine as that had which had caught his eye in Crew's haircutting room.

He recovered himself instantly, however, bowed, and then, as the path was narrow, Miss Vane and he walked on together, and Rose and Trevor followed, Trevor whispering to his sister:

"He noticed the hair! I am certain he did!"

Rose, somewhat confused, at once put on her hat, which had been dangling by its strings from her arm.

Captain Fitz-Hugh stayed to luncheon, and won the hearts of the whole vicarage family by his pleasant chat and brilliant smiles.

From that day he paid frequent visits to them, which Lettice ascribed wholly to herself, and, in fact, contrived so cleverly to appropriate him, that he had scarcely a chance of speaking to Rose—hindrance which, by the way, greatly intensified his

desire to know more of the girl the hue of whose hair had so taken his fancy. He was listening to her when Lettice was talking to him—watching her when Lettice was by his side, apparently engrossing him; and all he saw of the bright girl he thought charming. Her tenderness to her mother; her patience and loving cheerfulness with the children; the readiness with which she entered into her father's plans and conversation did not escape him.

But Rose was all unconscious of his observation. She believed now that he was really her sister's lover, and she would not for worlds have interfered with Letty's prospects; she was too loyal. But during those bright summer evenings, listening to Harry's delightful tenor voice when he sang, or to his interesting conversation, she had gradually grown to care greatly for him, to be happy in his mere presence, to find the days long and dreary when he did not come.

At length, however, his visit terminated, and he left the abbey without having proposed to Lettice, to her great indignation and her parents' surprise. The fact was that even if Rose had not unconsciously rivalled her, Harry had been brought too near the beauty, and had been able to judge her more truly than by meeting her only at balls or garden-parties. She had no conversation except that of society. He discovered that she had read nothing but novels, that her playing the piano, though brilliant, was only mechanical; in short, that beautiful Lettice was dull, and made him feel disposed to yawn; while sunshiny Rose, all life and animation, could not talk to her father, to Trevor, or to clever little Geraldine without showing that she was acquainted with more than English literature. How he had smiled at some bright repartee of hers when Lettice had been prosing of the people they had known at Portsmouth!

Miss Vane soon cut her visit to the vicarage short, and returned to her adopted parents; and there came a great blank for Rose, which she could not deceive herself into thinking was caused by the absence of of Lettice. She missed the voice and smile which had grown dear to her, the genial presence of him whom she believed to be her sister's lover, and Rose, full of self-reproach and maidenly shame at having given her love unsought, lost her old gaiety and brightness, to the annoyance and amazement of the children, every one of whom wondered why Rose should miss Lettice so much—Lettice, who had never shown her the slightest affection. The mother alone divined her secret, and felt deeply for the poor girl.

It was a great relief to Mrs Vane to receive a short time afterwards a cross, sharp letter from Lettice on the subject of Captain Fits-Hugh.

"He had behaved shamefully!" she wrote. "Never come near them! and the Admiral told her that it was said he meant to go out on the next Arctic expedition! But," Lettice added, "she did not care; the Admiral's former flag-lieutenant had been made a commander of course now, and she knew very well that he had been only kept from proposing by Captain Fits-Hugh's attentions to her."

Her mother breathed a sigh of relief; Lettice at least would not suffer from disappointed affection; and Rose would be saved the pain of meeting Fits-Hugh as her sister's husband.

Meantime summer had passed into autumn; the woods were full of ripe nuts, and the vicarage children eagerly organized a nutting-party to the coppices and lanes which surrounded Beecham Abbey, the residence of Captain Fits-Hugh's friends.

Rose entered rather languidly into their plans; but once out in the woods, her spirits rose in the fresh sweet air of October, and felt the consolation which nature always bestows on us. By-and-by she was one of the busiest of the merry party, which was composed entirely of children, except a Mr. Belmont, herself, and Geraldine, now eighteen, for Geraldine had already a lover, who had been eager to join the young ones for her sake.

The young voices rang gleefully through the wood as the nut-gatherers dispersed in pairs or groups, and it chanced that Rose was alone when she saw a quantity of magnificent filberts hanging above a hedge-row which stood on a bank, having a ditch beneath it which had preserved them from the clutches of the juvenile members of the party. Rose determined to have them. She carried a crook-stick as all the others did, and a few large stones which she perceived a little way down the ditch offered her steps across the green, slimy water. By their aid she crossed to the bank, crept carefully along it, and reached the desired spot.

Then drawing down the nut-tree's branches with her crook, she gathered the beautiful fruit and put it into the basket which hung, already well filled, at her waist.

When all the filberts were gathered she prepared to descend from her elevation and return to the stepping-stones, but on moving she found that she was a prisoner! In her eagerness her hat had fallen off, and her hair had come down and become entangled in a thorn. The more she strove to disentangle it, the more it became bound amidst the thorns and tiny boughs.

It was an absurd situation, and Rose could not help laughing, though she was vexed, for how would the children be able to get to her? Even young Belmont might find it troublesome to rescue her. She pulled impatiently at her hair; in vain. Then reluctantly she called for help. She had repeated her cry three times before aid came.

Then suddenly, a fleet, firm footstep was heard running to the spot, and Captain Fits-Hugh stood on the other side of the ditch.

Rose flushed with pleasure and surprise as she saw him.

"Miss Vane!" he cried, "what is it?"

"I am caught and held like Absalom by the hair of my head!" she answered, laughing nervously: "I cannot get free from this spiteful thorn!"

"I will release you," said Harry, and he sprang across the ditch to the bank.

It took him, however, some minutes to disentangle the golden skein from the thorn; and as the sunlight shone on it, he was more than ever struck by the resemblance it bore to his treasured lock, and could not resist caressing it with his hand when at last it lay free between his fingers.

"No wonder," he said, almost involuntarily, "that the thorns strove to keep such exquisite locks when they once touched it!"

Trembling and blushing, Rose stammered out her thanks.

"And now," he said, "let me help you down, and lift you across the ditch."

"There are stepping-stones a little way down," said Rose, as she put her hand in his.

He led her carefully along the bank and across the stones, but did not then let go her hand; on the contrary, when she tried to withdraw it he held it fast.

"Miss Vane," he said, hurriedly, "I must speak out now, and you must forgive a plain seamen if he has no fine phrases to clothe his feelings in. I love you, dear—tenderly, truly! Rose, will you be my wife?"

She started, trembled, and looked up at him in pretty doubt and surprise.

"Love me!" she gasped; "love me! Oh, it can't be true!"

"Indeed it is—true as Heaven!" he declared. "Why do you doubt it?"

"Because we," stammered Rose—"because I thought—we thought that Lettice ——"

She paused.

He ground his heel impatiently into the ground.

"I might have expected it!" he said, with irritation. "I know it seemed so. But it was scarcely my fault—and yet it was. I was a weak idiot! for, Rose, I loved you all the time—you, and you only! Oh, can you not believe me? Will you not try to love me, dear?"

"I need not try," she said, with deep blushes.

"Then you will be my darling little wife!" he repeated eagerly.

He read her answer in her eyes.

The vicar and Mrs. Vane, though surprised, were not displeased at finding that Rose was Harry's real attraction. They consented to give him their daughter.

"Though," said the father with emotion, "you will take from us the sunshine of our lives."

* * * * * *

It was the eve of the wedding. Harry and Rose were seated on the lawn (for it was still warm weather), talking very seriously and happily of the life opening before them.

"Do you know, Rose," said her lover, "I think fate must have intended you always for me; for I fell in love with the color of your hair before I ever saw it or you!"

"Not before you had ever seen it, surely?" she said, demurely.

The sly little thing knew all about the lock in his pocket-book.

"But I did. I had resolved to seek, by every means in power, the girl who hoisted such colors, when I met you—and was satisfied! But now it is time for me to throw away the other girl's hair. Look, dear," and he opened his pocket-book and took out the lock; "is it not exactly like your own?"

Rose took it, laughingly and blushing, yet there were tears in her voice as she said:

"Harry, it is mine. I had it cut off at Portsmouth, and sold it to Mr. Crew. You may well stare, dear! But I don't mind telling you now, for you know how good Trevor is. Well, he had got sadly in debt just then, and, poor boy! was miserable about it. He could not ask papa for any more than he had given him; for he knew the poor father could not spare it; he was afraid to tell the Admiral of his difficulties, because he is so severe. So there was no one to help him but me, you see. Now I had been told that my hair was worth a great deal of money, and I knew how the German girls sell their heads of hair; so I tried the plan and succeeded. Trevor went away free of debt, and in return for my *chevelure* promised never to get in debt again, and has kept his word."

Harry caught her in his arms and kissed her passionately.

"My dear, good little woman," he cried, "no wonder I loved you from the time my eyes rested on that lovely gold. Rose, I will never part with this lock. It will always remind me that I have married a generous, noble girl."

Lettice was excessively angry when she heard of her sister's engagement, but consoled herself with her new lover, who did propose, but she came to the double wedding of Rose and Geraldine, and showed the only ill-tempered face there present.

The marriages have both proved happy ones—Rose's superlatively so. She wears on her finger, as a guard for the precious wedding-ring, another gift of Harry's a ring, with a motto running round it made in small brilliants; it runs thus—"Beauty draw us with a single hair."

PEPPERS were given to the world by America. Columbus carried them to Spain on his return voyage in 1493, whence they were disseminated throughout Europe.

Love's Messenger.

BY A. H. BALDWIN.

I WAS about twenty years of age, and with as many pence in my purse to boast of, when what I am going to relate occurred.

I had entered on my studies at the Oporto College of Physicians, and was in receipt of a small sum from my father, paid monthly, which was barely sufficient for my board and lodging, and obliged me to live most economically and indulge in no luxuries.

However, I was young, blessed with a contented disposition and good health; and what could I desire more? But I must tell you that, to complete my happiness, I lodged in an attic with a window the shutters of which I was unable to close owing to the rust on the hinges—rust, the result of years of neglect. I have often wondered since whether anyone has cleaned those hinges.

I knew I never was able to do so; it would have swallowed up three month's allowance to pay for the oil necessary for such a piece of work. But what a magical window that was! How, on a bright cold January night, it permitted the moon's soft rays to shine through the panes; and in summer, when I left it open on account of the great heat, how it admitted the sweet perfume of the orange-blossom from the trees in the neighbouring garden! The owner of that garden, who never came to his window, was no doubt of opinion that the garden was his property; nevertheless I, who made love to his flowers by day and slept with my window open that I might enjoy their sweet scent at night, believed that garden to be mine. Many and many a time have I stood at that attic window, with my back resolutely turned to the unopened books of study on my table, and my candle crackling and flaring as though to reproach me for my neglect of both.

On one of these occasions I took to counting the many lights that shone like so many glowworms in the windows of the house down the street. One by one, as the night advanced, the lights were put out and the windows shut, and at last they all disappeared with the exception of two, at a great distance from each other. I began to wonder who the owners of those lights could be—what they could be doing at that late hour, the clock of the parish church having just struck twelve.

Could they be dressmakers finishing some dress? Do the ladies for whom they work ever think of the hard labor these poor women go through that they may be dressed in the latest fashion? Could they be lighting some poor anxious watcher by the sick-bed of a loved one, or some poet deep in the composition of a sonnet to his lady-love?

My flights of fancy were rudely cut short at this moment by the spluttering of my candle, which having nearly burnt down to the socket, saw fit to go out and leave me in darkness.

"There is no remedy," thought I, in a rage; "I must go to bed;" when, just as I was about to leave my window, I observed one of the lights moving, and finally it was brought to the open window and held out by some one, whether a man or a woman I could not distinguish.

Instinctively I cast my eyes in the direction of the other light, when I saw it also had been brought to the window by some person.

"Now," thought I, "this is decidedly a very curious coincidence. Two lights appearing at their respective windows at the same moment, and at the unusual hour of midnight, look as if their owners had some private understanding!"

I noticed that the two lights began at this moment to move in exactly the same manner, as though saluting each other. I was watching these telegraph signs with great interest when my attention was called off by a slight sound, and by the appearance of something black in the air which seemed to be approaching my window.

"It must be a bat," I thought, quite forgetting that the flight of a bat is noiseless.

Now I have an instinctive horror of a bat, and, anxious to avoid coming in contact with the creature, I drew hastily back. The dark object approached, flew through my open window, and, striking against the wall in the dark, fell suddenly on to my bed.

"It is an owl!" I exclaimed, seeing that by its size it could not be a bat.

If possible, I dislike owls more than bats. Apart from being, like the bat, a parasite of the churchyard, I always fancy the owl has such a false air about him. Were he, like a man, obliged to follow some business, I feel certain he would take to that of a pawnbroker or usurer. Observe the bird well, and you will see that he has the exact cut of one of those worthies—huge spectacles on his sunken eyes, a long hooked nose, rusty brown coat, thick short legs, bent and dirty nails. Now am I not right?

"I hate an owl, and shall make an end of him!" I said hastily, shutting my window and re-lighting the scrap of candle for the purpose.

What was my surprise, on approaching the bed, armed with a stout stick and the light, to see, instead of my enemy, the owl, a pretty carrier-pigeon in so exhausted a condition that he allowed me to take him unresistingly in my hand? Putting down the light, I proceeded to examine my prisoner, and, on doing so, discovered a letter tied by a silken thread under his wing.

"The pigeon," thought I, "is defrauding the Revenue; he is a contraband postman!"

I possessed myself of the letter, in spite of two severe pecks which the faithful messenger inflicted on me in defense of what he naturally considered his sacred charge, and then I let the poor bird go. He flew to the window, but, finding it shut, perched himself on the ledge. Meanwhile I proceeded to read the following letter—

Elise,—Another day lost! All things seem to go against us, and I begin to despair of ever accomplishing what your mother exacts from me before she consents to our engagement. What can I say more? What else is there to say, when I know that what I have written will be the cause of your passing another night in sleeplessness and tears? Good-bye! Our confidant has nearly finished his nightly allowance. Once more good-bye, and always believe in the love of your "ALBERT."

"Who," thought I, "can this 'Albert' be, and this 'Elise'?"

On looking round at the pigeon, he seemed to be staring at me with his round eyes encircled by red rims.

"Shall I allow the postman to go with his letter or not?" I muttered.

I approached the window, and, on looking out, observed that one light had disappeared, while the other seemed to be moving about in an uncertain manner, as though held by a hand that trembled.

"It is very clear," I thought, "that the said Mr. Albert wrote that heart-rending letter, despatched it by his winged postman, extinguished his candle, shut his window, and is by this time fast asleep; while the poor girl is in a state of anxiety at the non-arrival of the pigeon, and is moving about her light in the hope of attracting the strayed bird to her window. No," I decided, "this is a matter of conscience. I must allow the pigeon to depart, letter and all. Come here, you sweet creature!" I said, in a soft voice, not to startle him. "Come here, you little stupid! I wonder if you are fond of bread-crumbs?"

Opening my deal cupboard, I took out a piece of bread, which I crumbled on the table for him. I thought of offering him some cognac or of making him some grog, the necessary ingredients for which I always had ready; but fearing he might not accept of my generous offer, I held my tongue. Apparently bread was no unknown delicacy to him, for he immediately flew to the table, and, without the slightest ceremony, began to eat.

"That is enough, my friend," I said, after a while.

So saying, I picked up the deserter, retied the letter under his wing, and, opening the window, allowed him to go on his journey. After watching the light in the window for a few seconds, I saw it disappear. Evidently the post had arrived at its destination.

It was long before I fell asleep that night; and it was only on seeing the remains on my table the next morning that I recollected what had occurred.

I jumped out of bed in haste, and ran to my window to see if I could distinguish the two houses in which the lights shone.

"If I only can find out this," I thought, "it will be quite easy to ask who inhabits them."

But, alas, in the daylight one house appeared to me exactly like another, and I could not decide with certainty! This put me in great ill-humor. I dressed and breakfasted in haste—for I was late—and almost ran to the College. It was an examination-day, and the professor called me up at once. Owing to having neglected my studies for two days, I was unprepared, and answered at random. My fellow-students turned their astonished eyes upon me when they heard me exclaim in a rage—

"The fiend take that pigeon!"

Everything went wrong with me that day; my thoughts were wandering, and I could attend to nothing. I only longed for night to arrive that I might see if the pigeon returned to me.

As soon as it was dark, I hastened to the window. It seemed to be the work of the Evil One—there were lights in every window down the street; and it appeared to me that the people would never go to bed.

"You idiots!" I thought. "Do you know it is getting on for eleven o'clock?—and to-morrow not even the old gentleman himself will get you out of bed!"

At last, as on the previous night, the lights began to disappear one by one, though taking much longer to do so—on the principle of "the watched kettle never boils," I suppose. In the end, however, I was rewarded; the lights were out, with the exception of the identical two of my unknown friends.

"The pigeon won't come. It was only by chance he came last night. I must confess I am disappointed, for I wanted to see the end of this comedy," I muttered.

The church clock at this moment struck twelve, and immediately the lights repeated their signals, as before.

"And the pigeon is not coming to me," I muttered. "Hark! I think I hear the fluttering of his wings!"

I was not mistaken; he flew straight in at my window and on to the table, where I had already scattered some crumbs in anticipation of his paying me another visit. While he ate, I read the letter—the answer from Elise. It was as follows—

"Albert,—You cannot imagine what an agony I was in last night on account of our confidant. He took half an hour to get to me! I am afraid to write to you with my customary frankness, for by the delay and by the different way in which your letter was tied, I very much fear the pigeon must

have been detained by someone on his way." ("Oh, *diable!*" I exclaimed, on finding I was discovered.) "Be brave, Albert; do not be discouraged. What my mother exacts from you is prompted by no evil or cruel thought, but by her great love for us both. It may be long before we realize our fond hopes; but have we not confidence in each other? Good Heaven! should the pigeon be again detained—should anyone read these lines! I dare not write more. Good-bye!

"Your "ELISE."

Poor girl! I could understand the shame she felt at the thought of her words being read by other eyes than those for which they were intended. However, the evil deed was done. I let the pigeon go, and on the following night intercepted this letter—

"Elise,—The pigeon was also detained on his return to me. If it be a woman who stoops to such an act, I hope on reading these lines she will feel ashamed when I tell her she is transgressing every rule of good breeding. If it be a man, his curiosity is contemptible, and he a coward for the underhand way in which he is acting when sure that he cannot be found out. This letter is written more for the person who intercepts our letters than for you, my love. "Your "ALBERT."

My conscience pricked me on reading this letter, and I blushed for the act I had committed. However, my curiosity triumphed over my better feelings and my twenty years laughed at the cruel joke I had played; and the Evil One surely prompted these lines that I added to Albert's letter—

"Madam,—I do not know whether you are fond of stewed pigeon and peas; it is my favorite dish. Either, madam, you persuade Mr. Albert to tell me the whole history of your love-affair from the beginning, and to inform me what it is that your most excellent mother exacts from him before giving her consent to your marriage, or on the return of the pigeon on the day after to-morrow without the required information, I shall send to buy the peas.

"Believe me your most humble though unknown "WORSHIPPER."

The following night the messenger brought back Albert's letter, on which I had written the above, without a single comment on it from Elise. She evidently left the decision of so important a matter to him. The next evening I received this letter from the poor lover—

"Sir,—I would willingly give two years of my life to know who it is that has come between two strangers to him who, fearing to trust their innocent letters to human hands, have had recourse to a faithful bird as their sole means of communication. Sir, it is cruel of you! My words were evidently lost upon you; I ought to have known that a man who could act as you have done would scarcely feel ashamed at any censure that might be passed on him. Anxiety for the peace and happiness of her I love tempts me to beg your mercy; but, on the other hand, a feeling of pride—to which you are evidently a stranger—forbids me thus to humble myself. You wish to know the history of my love? I will tell it you; and when you have heard it, if you have any conscience left, you will see the harm you are doing me, and, though you may not choose to admit it, you will also see that I have right on my side.

"Read! It must be two years ago now that I was recovering from a very severe attack of fever, and still confined to my room, when, on a hot afternoon, I being cross and at a loss for something to amuse me, the pigeon that you know so well flew into my room through the open window. Suddenly a bright thought struck me, and I jumped up, shut the window, and caught the bird, and, writing the following lines on a slip of paper, I tied them under his wing and let him go—'Should there dwell in the house from which this pigeon comes a young and beautiful girl who mourns his loss, may she accept the vows and good wishes of a heart that has never yet loved!' To my surprise on the following day the bird returned, bringing an answer to my note, which ran as follows—'A young girl who had grieved over the loss of her bird thanks her unknown friend for restoring him, and heartily reciprocates his good wishes.' And thus began a correspondence which continued for about two months without the word 'love' ever being mentioned between us.

"At last I begged my fair *incognita* to appoint some place where I could see her, and, after many letters had passed between us, in which I continued to beg and she to refuse, came one in which she yielded to my request, and said she and her mother would be at the eleven-o'clock mass on the following Sunday at the Congregados Church, and giving me also certain signs by which I should know her.

"I went; and you can well imagine the anxiety I was in till she came. 'Suppose she is ugly?' I thought. She was not so, but sweetly pretty, with the face of an angel. I could not take my eyes off her the whole service, as she knelt beside her mother at prayer; but I saw that her attention was not fixed on her book, for she every now and then glanced round furtively, searching for me—unsuccessfully, though, for I had hidden myself behind a pillar, where I could see and not be seen. The mass ended, she rose from her knees; and, on passing close to me, I murmured in a low voice that she alone could hear, 'Thank you!' She could not check a slight start of surprise, blushed rosy red, glanced at me in a shy frightened manner, and drew closer to her mother. They went out, and, needless perhaps to say, I followed them.

"From that day my letters spoke of love! I was at that time a book-keeper in a well-known house of business in Oporto, and was in receipt of a very high salary, so I felt pretty sure of success could I but get introduced to Elise and her mother; and at last I found out that a friend of mine was also a friend of theirs, and he undertook to accomplish this for me. I very soon became quite intimate at their house; and, when I begged the mother to give me Elise, I was not refused—in fact she was delighted in every way; and we had already begun to think of the thousand and one things necessary for setting up a house, when my employer died suddenly, and, his successors liquidating the business, I was thrown, and still am, out of employment. This occured about nine months ago, and since then I have tried and tried in vain to get work to do.

"On the day this happened Elise's mother sent for me, and spoke to me thus—'Albert, I know you to be an honorable and hard-working man; had I not been sure of this, I would never have given you my daughter. You know it is only by exercising the strictest economy that we manage to live on the pension allowed us by Government. While you are out of employment it is impossible to think of marriage, and—forgive me the pain I am about to cause you—until you find some, you must cease to come to my house. We are lone women, the world is hard, this marriage may never take place, and I cannot allow the engagement to continue till you are in a position for me to give you my daughter.'

"Protestations, tears and prayers have hitherto been unavailing; the mother is inexorable. I despair of ever getting employment—no one seems to need a book-keeper, my slender savings are getting reduced, and I see before me at no very distant period misery and even want. That is my history. Act as you think fit; it depends on you, sir, whether we are robbed of our only remaining consolation. I ask nothing; I resign myself to my fate.

"ALBERT."

It is impossible to describe the shame I felt on reading this history. I ran to my desk, and at once despatched these lines to Elise—

"Madam,—Pardon my youth, pardon the folly of a boy of twenty! I must have been mad, I think; for, believe me, I am not hard-hearted, as my actions seem to imply. I give you my word of honor that the pigeon shall come and go in future without my so much ruffling one of his feathers. Beg of Mr. Albert to forgive me also. I shall never cease to pray that you may still be as happy as you deserve, and that better days may be in store for you yet."

The next evening the pigeon appeared, bringing two letters, one addressed to me, and tied outside his wing to attract my attention. It was from Elise, and contained the one word "Thanks."

I received on the next night a note from Albert as follows—

"Sir,—I have wronged you. I see you are kind-hearted—forgive me!"

"ALBERT."

And the pigeon continued his way unmolested, and partook of his supper of bread-crumbs regularly every night off my table.

Months passed without any change occurring in the comings and goings of the post. True to my word, I never again attempted to read the secrets confided to the pigeon, and sometimes he brought me a flower or a few words of gratitude from the lovers, as a recompense for my discretion.

And now I must say a few words about myself necessary to bring the tale to a close.

When, at the commencement of this story, I represented myself as poor, without a penny in my pocket, I did not mean to infer that I was in absolute want; on the contrary, had I not possessed—as I happily still possess—five brothers, I should have been a rich man. The son of a well-to-do proprietor in the Douro, from him I received a small sum monthly, that, with economy, enabled me to live in a modest way, as I have before said; and on some rare occasions I was even able to put by a few pence, when it was not more, at the end of the month.

Unfortunately however I am no exception to the general run of students, who are celebrated for extravagance, and seldom it was that the 25th or 26th of the month did not find me paying a visit to a certain Mr. Samuel Gibson, an English merchant to whom my father sold his wines, and through whom my money was paid to me.

This old Englishman was a real friend to me; and, if I did not avail myself as often as I should have liked of his repeated invitations to dine with him and his pretty daughter, Miss Alice, it was on account of the shabby condition of my dress-clothes, which revealed but too plainly my penniless state.

There was yet another reason. I feared I might fall seriously in love with pretty Alice, who honored me with her friendship. Had I only been in a position to do so, I would have endeavored to make her change her friendship into love.

On the 25th of October—I remembered well that it was the 25th—I opened the green baize door that separated Mr. Gibson's private room from the office where the clerks sat, resolved to make a slight alteration in the calendar by transforming the 25th of October into the 1st of November, so as to receive my allowance.

As soon as I went in I saw by the good old man's face that he knew at once for what I had come. However, he only said—

"How are you, you deserter?"

I murmured some excuse, spoke of the raise in the price of meat and other articles of food, of the cost of books, and finally asked for my November money in advance.

Mr. Gibson quite disconcerted me by laughing; when I had finished what I had to say, he answered—

"You shall have it on one condition."

"And that is?" I asked.

"That you come and dine with me to-morrow; it is Sunday, on which day you have no need to study."

"With pleasure," I answered.

"Well, in that case, on your way out tell the cashier to give you the money," he replied.

I thanked him, and retired. As I reached the door, he called me back and asked—

"Have you ever seen an English funeral?"

As I answered in the negative, he continued—

"Well, if you care to see one, you can do so this afternoon at four o'clock, as Messrs. Norris & Co. have lost their book-keeper, and he is to be buried to-day."

I again thanked him, and said I would not lose the opportunity; but I did not trouble myself to go.

In the evening I was busy looking over my neck-ties, to see which of the three I possessed was the least old, and had carefully brushed the shabby clothes that I intended to present myself in at the Gibsons' next day, when the pigeon came in.

It was raining in torrents, and he shook the wet off his wings before beginning to eat his supper. The poor creature seemed quite grateful to me for drying him carefully with a towel. When, a few minutes after, I let him go, I noticed the two lights shining as usual far apart, and I could not help saying to myself—

"How much longer will this go on? Will the day ever dawn when one light will suffice for both?"

Suddenly an idea came into my head; and clapping my hands, I exclaimed—

"What a happy thought!"

I went to bed hugging my brilliant idea, which even in my dreams continued to haunt me.

At four o'clock on the following day I knocked at Mr. Gibson's door in Entre Quintas, where he lived.

"My master has not yet come home," said the servant; "but Miss Alice is in the garden."

I was quite familiar enough with Miss Alice to go in search of her there, and soon found her among her flowers.

We were in the habit of carrying on great arguments, and they generally ended in a grand skirmish as to our nationalities, she endeavoring to prove the superiority of the English over the Portuguese, and I defending my countrymen. As long as we avoided religious subjects, Mr. Gibson allowed us to talk freely; and we attacked each other's weak points unmercifully. To-day however, I was in no mood for argument, and was very serious when we met, which Miss Alice was not slow to perceive. This was exactly what I wanted her to do, as it would lead to an explanation as to the cause, and I counted on her assistance to carry out my plan.

"What on earth is the matter with you to-day? You look so solemn and unlike yourself! I might almost take you for an Englishman with that serious countenance!" she said.

"I am rather unhappy," I answered.

"You unhappy! I can scarcely believe it," she replied.

"Would you like to hear a love-story that would be a beautiful subject for an idyl, an English ballad, or a German song?" I asked abruptly, after a few moments of silence.

Miss Alice blushed, and cast down her eyes.

"But would you like to hear it?" I persisted. "Listen, and you will soon know the cause of my unhappiness."

My pretty friend looked embarrassed, fearing, I suppose, that I was going to be so bold as to declare my love for her without more ado.

"Well, listen, and help me to do a good action."

At these words Miss Alice's eyes were raised, radiant to my face, and she begged me to be quick and tell her how she could help me.

I related to her the history of the pigeon and the lovers. It was a real pleasure to watch her face as I went on with my tale—how the expression varied, and how the words she uttered in a low tone, sometimes in English and sometimes in Portuguese, betrayed unconsciously her inmost thoughts.

"Poor dear little thing!" she exclaimed, referring to the pigeon. "Poor fellow—poor young man! How I should like to know Elise!"—referring to the lovers.

When I related the episode of the stewed pigeon and peas, my heart sank as I saw the look of indignation she cast on me, and I feared I had forfeited her good opinion for ever; and I rejoiced to think that my subsequent conduct had been that of a gentleman. When my tale ended, Miss Alice was in tears.

"What do you wish me to do? How can I help you? You may depend on me for anything," she said at last.

"You have it in your power to make these miserable lovers happy," I said.

"How? Be quick and tell me!" she exclaimed impatiently.

"By persuading your father to use his influence in procuring the situation of book-keeper to Messrs. Norris & Co. for this unfortunate Albert," I answered.

"Oh, what a happy thought!" said Miss Alice, clapping her hands for joy like a child. "Why, Betsy Norris is my best friend! I will write to her about it at once, and speak to my father to-night;" and off she ran, light-footed as a gazelle and happy as a queen.

She soon returned, telling me that she had written and sent the note to her dear friend.

Words could not express my happiness when, three days after this, I was able to write the following lines to Albert, which I despatched by the pigeon—

"Mr. Albert may present himself at the office of Messrs. Norris & Co., where he will be received as book-keeper, should his references be such as to satisfy the said gentlemen."

I am sorry I have not the letters before me that I received from both Albert and Elise, thanking me. The called me their benefactor, their guardian-angel, and Albert's letter finished up as follows—"

"Thanks to you, my unknown friend, I have got employment. I go to-morrow to Messrs. Norris & Co. as their book-keeper. I look forward in future to nothing but happiness. I wrote to my Elise's mother, and the good lady has invited me to tea this very evening that we may fix a day for the wedding. I am pretty happy—perfectly happy! No! How can I be, when my benefactor is unknown to me? Add one more favor to those you have already done me, and tell me your name, that I may at least know who has been so very kind to me."

I hastened with this letter to Alice that I might consult her as to whether I should agree to Albert's wish; but she, who was of a romantic turn of mind and dearly loved anything mysterious, forbade me to make myself known to the lovers. Her words were law to me; so I refused Albert's most natural request. I was, however, rather curious to see this said Albert, so I begged Mr. Gibson to send me, on some pretext or other, to Messrs. Norris & Co.'s office that I might gratify my curiosity. He readily complied with my request, and I was sent with a message to the book-keeper.

He was a very good-looking gentlemanly young fellow, with an open, honest expression of countenance. I came away satisfied with him, and, it must be confessed, with myself also.

"If Mr. Albert again requests to be introduced to his guardian-angel and benefactor, I shall send him to you, Miss Alice," I said that evening to her, as we were walking in her garden, talking over this episode.

The pigeon brought me the news of their wedding, and never failed to come every evening after, either with a note or some flowers from his owners. Rather more than a year passed without any change occurring in my life; but at last came an evening when the bird brought me a note from Elise as follows—

"My good Benefactor,—Heaven has sent us a dear little daughter, and I have made a vow she shall not be christened till you come and stand godfather! You surely cannot be so cruel as to refuse, and so keep the little innocent without the pale of the Church, and wound the feelings of her mother! Do not refuse, I entreat of you! Our happiness is not complete so long as you, our guardian-angel, remain unknown to us "ELISE."

I again consulted Miss Alice, who at once agreed with me that now I had no choice but to comply with the request. So the pigeon carried that evening a letter from me to the effect that I would certainly stand god-father to the baby.

Modesty obliges me to draw a veil over our meeting. Suffice it to say that we were mutually pleased.

I must add just a few lines to tell of the faithful pigeon's end.

For two years he continued to visit us at night; but on one occasion, when he had brought me a note of invitation to dinner, I thought he seemed feeble, and, on going the next day to Albert and Elise's, they told me he was dead. He flew home the night before, seemed giddy when he arrived, and then suddenly fell dead on the cot of little Alice.

They were much grieved at the death of their poor faithful postman; and so far as I know, the happy pair have had no other sorrow since.

YALE COLLEGE is said to have a private detective who keeps an eye upon the conduct of students and sends weekly reports to the "gov'nor," or in other words, to their parents. He also furnishes the number of marks the pupil receives, his losses at cards, the names of the girls to whom he pays his attentions, where he spends his evenings, and the like.

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A "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," will be sent free by DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, to any one who will write to them for it.

Our Young Folks.

THE FAIRY PICKAXE.

BY JULIA A. GODDARD.

CHAPTER I.

FELIX had neither shoes nor stockings on his feet, but he did not care for that. He knew that the summer was coming, and that even now the turf was soft and the daisies had opened their golden eyes, and were looking up at him. The hawthorn blossoms were white on the hedges, the lilac was in full bloom, and even the roses would open before long. They were in full bud, and one could see their pink petals. Ah! the sun was getting hotter. In a few days it would be summer.

Felix was holding up a curiously-shaped pickaxe that he had found.

People laughed, and not a few of them said it was only a wooden letter F. But Felix did not mind their laughter at all; he sang softly to himself—

"With the pickaxe I have found,
I'll work my way to fairy ground.'

The daisies nodded their heads as he sang, and a thrush cleared his throat and said—

"That is a pretty song. I have heard it before."

The hawthorn shook out its fragrant blossoms and answered—

"So have I, but it is long since. The rainbow and the cuckoo knew about it."

And a small white-winged butterfly, the first of its family that had ventured into the sunshine, said—

"Ah! if you could only see one of our purple emperors! They know everything."

CHAPTER II.

FELIX had never heard the flowers and the birds speak so plainly before. They had often tried to tell him things, but had never quite succeeded in doing so; but to-day they spoke as plainly as he could speak himself.

Perhaps it was owing to the pickaxe which he held in his hand, and which might be a fairy pickaxe, for the fairies were everywhere around him. Of that he was quite certain. And he went along wondering about it, when suddenly the sky became overclouded and a shower of rain came pelting down upon him. The drops that fell upon his pickaxe turned to sparkling stones of red, and blue, and emerald green, and what was very surprising, when he touched them they did not melt away, but were quite hard, and evidently were going to remain there.

Suddenly the rain ceased, and arching over the skies was the most splendid rainbow he had ever seen.

"The glittering stones fell from it," he said. "Oh, rainbow, do you know anything about Fairyland?" No answer came, and the rainbow faded away. He fancied that it pointed to a green patch nigh a blue lake; still, he might have been mistaken. But surely the gift of precious stones that studded his pickaxe betokened good to him.

CHAPTER III.

FELIX determined that he would keep the green spot in view. It did not seem very far off, and there was the blue lake and the wood of pine-trees to guide him to it. He knew he could find his way easily, and he shouldered his pickaxe and marched on.

But the farther Felix went the farther away seemed the green patch by the lake, and he began to feel rather tired.

"Little boy, will you not rest?
Here the turf is soft and green.
Flowers around, and everywhere
Birds and butterflies are seen."

These words came from a voice not far off.

"No, I must go on," answered Felix.

"Are you hungry, will you take
Just a slice of our plum cake?"

Felix looked up: a girl and two boys were piling up stones.

"We are building a house," said the girl. "Will you not stay and help us to build it?"

"Stones and sticks
Instead of bricks,
Moss and grass to make a bed,
Flowers for carpets we shall spread."

"But it is not built yet," said Florizel and Myrtillo. "So we need not think how we shall furnish it."

"No," said Miranda. "We have not yet properly dug the foundations. We had no pickaxe."

"I will lend you mine," answered Felix. And thereupon he held it out towards Miranda.

"Oh, dear! how hot it is, I cannot hold it," said she, dropping it.

Florizel and Myrtillo laughed, and both stretched out their hands to reach the pickaxe, but it jumped up, and giving them each a sharp rap on the knuckles, sprang away into the hands of Felix.

"It must be a fairy pickaxe," said Miranda, "and will not let any one use it but the owner."

"Perhaps so," replied Felix, thoughtfully; "the stones fell from the rainbow."

Florizel and Myrtillo laughed.

"What nonsense you are talking," said they, "we watched the rainbow, and we should have seen the stones drop."

"Hush," said Miranda; "you don't know anything about it."

Felix paid no attention to the boy's speech; he was more than ever convinced that the pickaxe was a fairy gift, and he stooped down and dreamily struck the ground several times; and as he did so white marble walls rose up that grew higher and higher, and there were steps and columns with roses twining around them, and he became so interested in the work that he did not perceive that it had completely shut out the three children, who were left on the other side of it.

At last he left off striking the stones, for he remembered he was on his way to Fairyland.

"Good-bye, good-bye," he called out; but no one answered. And then he went on his way.

CHAPTER IV.

"IF I go through the wood I shall come out by the lake," said he to himself, as he whistled a song, and now and then struck his jewelled pickaxe against the stems of the pine-trees.

As he did so a chorus of birds answered his whistle, making a loud sweet music that filled the woods. And as it sounded forth he heard very far off the voice of the cuckoo crying—

"Cuckoo! cuckoo!"

Felix paused. He had seen the rainbow and it had given him a token, and now here was the cuckoo that the hawthorn blossoms had whispered about.

"Oh cuckoo! cuckoo, tell me where
Is Fairyland; I fain would know
Where its strange beauteous regions lie,
For thither I must go."

But the cuckoo's voice sounded fainter and fainter.

He looked about, but he could not make out where the green patch was, for it was all so green around. He drew to the lake and gazed into its depths.

"Nonsense, that isn't Fairyland."

Felix started.

"Why, where did you come from?"

For it was one of the children for whom he had built the house who stood beside him. "Why did you build a fairy palace and leave it?" she asked.

Felix stared at her.

"It has been growing ever since you went away," continued Miranda, "and now it is as large as the king's palace, and there are gardens and fountains, and all sorts of beautiful things. I have been running after you ever since you went away to tell you to come back. I don't think I should have found you, only I followed a splendid purple emperor that I hoped to catch. See there, it has settled upon a blackberry vine."

"A purple emperor," exclaimed Felix; "then this must be Fairyland, or the entrance to it."

"How stupid you are," said Miranda, "when the fairy palace is far away from here. Did you not hear the cuckoo calling to you to come back. And see, the purple emperor's going back."

"I don't know," answered Felix, lifting up his pickaxe. As he did so he heard a murmur from the emperor that sounded like "Follow."

"It must be," said Felix in a low tone.

"Of course it is a fairy palace," said Miranda; "and there's a fairy child asleep in a bower of roses and lilies; such a pretty child, wrapped in a silvery veil. Do make haste, for every moment I fear it will vanish away."

CHAPTER V.

BUT the palace had not vanished; on the contrary, several towers and turrets had sprung up since Miranda left, and there was a grand porch over the entrance, upon which the purple emperor alighted and fluttered his wings as much as to say, "We come!"

"We could not get in, said Florizel and Myrtillo, who were waiting at the door, "so we went round the garden, and saw the fairy child."

Felix tapped gently at the door, and a lot of bells rang out, the door flew open, and Felix and the three children entered in.

It was a wonderful place; they had never seen anything so beautiful as the staircases and corridors, and the rooms were magnificent.

"And our dresses too! Why, Felix, you have a silken suit and scarlet shoes."

"And you, Miranda, are dressed like a queen, and your brothers like court-pages," replied Felix. "We must be in Fairyland. The pickaxe was a fairy gift, it brought the palace to us."

"Yet only you could use it," said Miranda.

They wandered all over the palace, and through the inner court where the fountains were playing, and then out into the garden and to the bower that Miranda had spoken of, where the child was sleeping peacefully.

Felix paused in admiration, for the child seemed like some fair sculpture, so placid and still, and the purple emperor fluttered down and spread his wings over its face. And then——

The child and the purple emperor disappeared, the bower was no longer there, but on a golden throne studded with precious stones, like to those on the pickaxe, the fairy king and queen were seated, whilst fairies innumerable stood around.

And Felix knew that he was in Fairyland, and though no sound came forth, his lips moved, and he was saying in his heart—

"With the pickaxe I have found
Fairy wall and fairy ground
Through the pickaxe I have seen
Fairy king and fairy queen,
With the pickaxe I shall win
Through the world and beauty know;
Every where that I shall tread
Beauty round me will be spread;
Through the pickaxe there will be
Wondrous sights for us to see."

Yes, people might laugh at the pickaxe, and say it was but a wooden F, but what did Felix care. He knew the joy and happiness that were his through possessing it, and the glorious beauty that it conjured up for him; and he sang softly day after day of the glory he saw around him; and though there were others who said—

"It is not a bad thing to have a fairy pickaxe."

THE SMUGGLER'S CAVE.

BY PIPKIN.

"DID you really find the cave, papa?" asked Ethel, who, with her brothers Alfred and Robert, was anxious for another of the stories to which their father occasionally treated the children in the autumn afternoons.

"Yes, Ethel, we did actually find the cave," he replied, smiling at her eager and interested face; "and, more than that, we found something in it."

"Oh, what did you find?" cried Alfred. "Treasures?"

"Tell us, papa; and please begin at the very beginning. 'Once upon a time,' you know," said Bobby.

"Very well, then. 'Once upon a time,'" began Mr. Earle, "when I was a boy, I went to school at a charming place called Silvercombe, in the south of England. It was a capital place for boys. We had bathing, fishing, boating, and all kinds of excursions over the rocks and into the caves in summer. In the winter we had great storms, and sometimes a wreck came in, and then we picked up many things on the beach.

"When I had been at this private school about three years, I had a letter from my mother containing very bad news. My cousin, it seemed, had charge of all her money, and he had run away with the papers and documents, so poor mother had very little money left. Under these circumstances she said I must leave Silvercombe, and try to do something, however little, to help her.

"The news I received upset me a great deal," continued Mr. Earle: "and I remember I cried at night in the dark when all the other boys were asleep. I was very sorry to leave Silvercombe, and my friends, and the sea. But I was to go and make the best of it meanwhile.

"On the Friday before I was to leave there was a tremendous storm. I do not think I ever remember such high waves as those that came in that evening. The gale rose quite suddenly, and blew the roof off Farmer Curtis's barn.

"The roaring of the sea and wind all that night was terrible. None of us could sleep. The farmers were up putting heavy weights upon their ricks, and were nearly blown off the ladders. It was, I think, Mr. Curtis who came down just at daybreak to the school and said that a great ship was driving ashore.

"Our master was quickly astir with all the men he could collect; and Farmer Curtis went round to call others—fishermen and laborers—to the beach. We all got up, and when Mr. Lovell, our kind master, and the usher had gone down, we all followed, butting like sheep against the wind, and watching the great woolly heaps of foam which came sailing in on the stormy sea, and were blown up the beach.

"The vessel continued to drive in, and as we were watching, hoping to do some good, she came 'stern on' on a rock, broke and went down in deep water almost before we could say, 'She's gone!' The disappearance was so sudden that we could scarcely believe our eyes. We had seen her ride in one great wave, and by the time the next had rolled in with its awful roar, and its rattle of retreat, the vessel had gone—swallowed up by the sea, with all its crew, passengers, and treasure!

"We could do nothing. All our hopes of saving life were at an end. The coast-guard came and posted themselves on the beach at intervals to gather up the wreckage or whatever came ashore. All that day, and for several days after, all kinds of articles and many lifeless bodies—the latter 'stunned to death' by the sea, not actually drowned, the doctor said—came up on the beach. I well remember a piece of timber with golden sovereigns beaten into it by the force of the waves, which Mr. Lovell found, and gave to a man who came down about what he called 'Salvage.' There were many gold pieces picked up on the beach by the coast-guard and others, one of which I got and have on my watch-chain still.

"The storm soon abated; the sea went down, and by the next evening, for the swell, you would scarcely have believed that the tempest had occurred. The sea was calm, and, we had three or four days' holiday, I need hardly tell you why. Every one was working, and most of the villagers, with horses and carts, were employed in carrying the dead bodies up to the little churchyard. We had no service on Sunday, for the poor bodies were laid in the church, where more than thirty men and women waited burial till their friends came down and identified them.

"But I need not tell you all this. On the Tuesday we lads asked and obtained permission to go down to the Smugglers' Caves. The coast-guard was still on the watch. It was my last time. My poor mother was expected next day, and then I was to bid good-bye to Silvercombe for ever—as I fancied.

"On that Tuesday afternoon we started, six of us in high spirits, for the day was fine and warm. The moon was not full, so we did not anticipate a high tide. In an hour, after climbing a great many rocks, we reached the cliffs, underneath which were the curious holes hollowed out by the action of the sea, and fantastically-shaped rocks like pinnacles and great mushrooms worn down by the waves.

"By a path we knew well, we clambered down and entered the caves. In the first one was a quantity of wreckage, the remains of the unfortunate ship, as we supposed.

"'I think we had better not be late,' said Johnston, our senior boy; 'the wind is bringing up the tide, and we may find a difficulty in getting out if we go in far.'

"But we knew, or thought we knew, all about the tide, and we could easily scale the cliff path. So we penetrated into the caverns, and with our torches searched the recesses. Each of us selected something, as a memento of the great storm, from the miscellaneous heap of articles which had been driven in by the tempest.

"I chose a little oblong tin box with three letters on it; two would serve for my own initials, I perceived, and the box, I fancied, would prove useful. It was padlocked, so we could not open it; but when we got home we could easily break the lock. The box was not heavy, so nothing very valuable could be in it.

"Johnston was quite right when he said the wind and tide were rising. The waves rose quickly, and when we judged the time to return, we came out. But you can imagine our terror when we found the greater part of the opening to the cave blocked up by a big box or chest so that we could not escape!

"'Here's a pretty pickle,' cried Johnston. 'We're in for it now. I told you how it would be.'

"'Can't some one climb out and get us assistance?' said Collins, a brisk young fellow. 'I think I can creep out, Johnston.'

"Johnston pushed the boy's knees, and by degrees Collins extricated himself from the cave.

"'Hurrah!' he cried; 'now I'll run up and bring assistance before it gets dark.'

"'Make haste,'" we cried after him as he disappeared.

"Then we waited and waited. After a while we heard the welcome, 'Hallo, down there,' come from the coast-guard men.

"It was quite dark then.

"'Here you are, then,'" said Mr. Bates. 'Well, you are nice young gentlemen,' continued the coast-guard officer, who carried a gun and a lantern. 'You are a precious set of lads indeed! Now, men!'

"In three minutes the men had removed the chest from the opening, and we came out very tired and stiff and cold.

"'Here, you mustn't take that box, young sir,' said Mr. Bates; 'I'll carry that.'

"So saying Mr. Bates took my box, and gave it to one of his men. They then helped us up the path. The moon was just dipping behind the low hills as we came up the road to the village, and in a few minutes afterwards the whole party arrived at the school-house, which adjoined the vicarage.

"Mr. Lovell came out and scolded us well for our stupidity.

"'Come in at once,' he said. 'Earle, your mother is greatly alarmed.

"So I hurried away right gladly, and found my dear mother in sad distress. She greeted me most affectionately, and with tears.

"'I was so nervous about you, dear,' she said; 'now I am even more easily upset than ever after all my troubles. We have lost nearly everything, darling, so we must help each other.

"As we were talking over what I would do, Mr. Lovell came in, accompanied by Mr. Bates, who still carried my tin box.

"'This is more valuable than we expected,' said Mr. Lovell, cautiously.

"At this moment my mother looked up, and seeing the box, screamed—

"'My husband's papers—and the deeds! The scrip! That is his box—my box—let me see!'

"She sprang up and feverishly pulled the papers from it.

"'Come in at once,' she said. 'Earle, the hand of Providence has indeed been outstretched on your behalf. The unhappy man who robbed you has, I fear, perished in the late storm, but most providentially these important papers have been rescued.'

"So after all we found that, with the exception of some sixty pounds or so, my mother's property in shares and in the funds was quite safe; the storm had surprised the ship in which he had hoped to escape. He was drowned, his box—or rather our box—had been washed ashore, and all ended well and happily.

"There, children, that is the story of the Smugglers' Cave, and what I found in it," said Mr. Earle, as he rose from his chair.

"Thank you papa," said Ethel, with a long sigh of satisfaction. "Thank you, very much indeed."

A LEWISTON seamstress carelessly left a needle in the back of a young lady customer's dress, and now a particular friend of the family has his arm done up in arnica.

AN OLD MAN'S DREAM.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Oh, for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy,
Than reign a gray-haired king.

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age;
Away with learning's crown;
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,
And dash its trophies down.

One moment let my life blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life, all love and fame.

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And calmly smiling said,
"If I but touch thy silvered hair,
Thy hasty wish had sped.

"But is there nothing in my track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back,
To find the wished-for day?"

Ah! truest soul of womankind!
Without thee what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind—
I'll take—my precious wife.

The angel took a sapphire pen,
And wrote in rainbow dew:
"The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too!"

"Is there another yet unsaid
Before the change appears?
Remember all their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years?"

Why, yes, I would one favor more—
My fond, parental joys—
I could not bear to leave them all;
I'll take my girls and boys.

The smiling angel dropped his pen—
"Why, this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!"

And so I laughed—my laughter woke
The household with its noise;
I wrote my dream when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys.

OF ZIG-ZAGS.

It is rather interesting to run through the records of great people—their whims, foibles and eccentricities—and note their habits, dress and conversation. It is certain that we can oftener define a man's character and disposition by the way he treats trifling affairs than by the manner in which he handles a big question.

Dr. Parr had a craze for hot-boiled lobsters. Ben Jonson had a penchant for Canary wine. The Doctor of dictionary renown would devour three parts of a leg of mutton—and ask for more. Lampreys were the death of King Henry I. George III. preferred fish when nearly in a putrid condition, and the fourth king of that name indulged in an extraordinary weakness for hot plum bread with cream sauce.

Antipathies exhibited by people, otherwise plucky and daring, are very funny, though doubtless real pain and fear were experienced by the victims: Marshal Saxe, who would have fought any odds and led a forlorn hope, if needs be, took to his heels at the sight of a cat; and Turenne trembled like an aspen leaf at the sight of a crawling spider. Thunder threw Cæsar into convulsions. King James I. grew pale and fainted right away at the sight of a drawn sword. Physiologists connect this fact with the murder of Rizzio. The harmless domestic cat paralyzes many without being seen; they know instinctively that they are present in the room—and it is well known that a hare or fox will make men change color and quiver all over from convulsive action.

Some celebrities have exposed their weaknesses in a most absurd manner. No one dared, in the presence of the great Talleyrand, to use the word "death;" and his valet, as he valued his place, took very good care never to allow letters to be placed on his writing table sealed with black wax! Byron, with all his cleverness, showed great weakness of character, and almost was entitled to be "written down an ass." He indulged in superstitions to such an extent as to believe in dreams, omens, and apparitions; he had an aversion to commence anything on a Friday, and carried his fancy so far as to forbid his tailor to leave a brand new suit of clothes at his house on that unlucky day.

Can the reader imagine a Lord High Chancellor of England, the keeper of the King's conscience, enjoying the buffooneries of a pantomime? Lord Eldon became an old man before he could be induced to see one at Drury Lane Theatre. His Lordship, however, being at last persuaded to go to the play, was so tickled with Grimaldi's antics in "Mother Goose," that he went eleven nights consecutively. The hero of Waterloo, too, had his weakness. The Duke never missed the first day of the exhibition of a new monster at a show, whether it was a fat boy, or a three legged calf, or what not. One day, however, he had his eyes opened, for the showman positively refused his shilling, excusing himself by saying:

"Why, it's only the old sarpint with a fresh set of spots painted on him!"

Sir Samuel Romilly was dreadfully afraid of being in the dark, and confesses in his autobiography that he never could sleep without previously looking under his bed.

It is interesting to learn under what circumstances some great authors would set to their work. Dryden was always cupped and well physicked before he undertook a big affair; Milton composed "Paradise Lost," in bed; and Jean Jacques Rousseau could do nothing whatever unless he was rigged out in the extreme fashion of the day, and even then he would insist on writing on gilt paper. Mrs. Radcliffe, in order to prepare herself and her readers for horrors and ghastly mysteries, would dine on half-raw meat. Sir Walter Scott did most of his work before breakfast. Bishop Wilberforce and Dr. Johnson could write at any time and any hour of the day. Balzac drank strong coffee night and day; it killed him!

Vanity, self-esteem, and love of finery were conspicuous in some of the celebrities. Cæsar decked himself with a laurel wreath to hide his baldness, and Cicero was proud of his epigram, which, freely translated, runs, "Rome was lucky, indeed, to have me for her consul."

It is well known that Goldsmith liked to wear a peach-blossomed coat, but it is also well known that it was only his weakness; for, with all his faults, Goldie had not an atom of conceit. Byron boasted of his hands, and Mozart stuck a gay ribbon on his flowing tresses. Buffon and Voltaire both indulged in the taste for dress, wearing lace and fine jewels like any grand lady of the period; Buffon carried his effeminacy still further, for the portraits of the great naturalist show that he wore his hair at times in papers.

How rapidly some of the choice specimens of literature have been put together! Look at Johnson's "Rasselas;" a week saw it finished. Byron wrote the "Corsair" in thirteen days; Scott wrote the first volume of Waverley" in three weeks; Ainsworth wrote "Dick Turpin" in one night without interruption, and as for Burns, he out-did them all—he put the immortal "Tam O'Shanter" together between dinner and tea!

Grains of Gold.

The key to every man is his thought.

Never try to appear what you are not.

Constant occupation prevents temptation.

Command your temper lest it command you.

Keep watchful care o'er your tongue and hand.

A man to be happy must be friends with himself.

What is wealth in one country is poverty in another.

Half the value of anything to be done consists in doing it promptly.

Use charity with all; be over-generous in thought and deed—help others along life's thorny path.

The whole of human virtue may be reduced to speaking the truth always, and doing good to others.

True charity is not methodical, and scarcely judicious, so to speak but is liable to excesses and transports.

We may not always be able to see how our work or our actions are to endure, but, if they are of high and noble quality, they will never die.

Sabbaths are costly things; fling them not away. You may judge of your state pretty well by asking yourself this question, "How do I value the Sabbath day?"

Regular congenial labor, in moderation, and the consciousness of faithful performance and growing ability are tonics to the spirit that none can afford to dispense with.

Nothing is more fatal to a cheerful spirit than idleness. To have nothing that we must do, or, having it, to neglect it, will throw a shadow over the lightest heart and the sunniest countenance.

We should learn to know a failure before we see it, and recognize a mistake before it is made. To make the past thus illumine the future, and the lives of others illumine our own, is the way to success.

Testimonials of character are supposed to be given for the guidance and protection of innocent people; but in how many cases have these recommendations aided the workings of thieves and scoundrels!

Femininities.

Man loves little and often, woman much and rarely.

Three Georgia weekly newspapers are edited by women.

A woman never likes to be respected on account of her age.

There are nine American countesses and marchionesses in Rome.

Many women have taken up Government land in San Diego, Cal.

"A woman," says Disraeli, "is flattered by the love even of a beggar in rags."

A woman never uses her husband's meerschaum pipe to drive a nail with more than once.

A woman may be as true as steel, but then, you know, some steel is too highly tempered.

A clinging girl—Jessie Mine; a nervous girl—Hester Iesl; a muscular girl—Callie Sthenics.

When the sun of virtue is set, the blush of shame is the twilight. When that dies, all is darkness.

"Now your talk has the true ring!" as the girl exclaimed when her lover began to talk of "a diamond circlet."

Married women claim a great many things, but we have never heard one boast of being older than her husband.

Be you slow to anger, swift to forgive, and hold fast the charity that raises the lowly, with the self-respect that stoops not to the haughty.

The Archduchess Maria Theresa, of Austria, has a passion for mines securing jewelry, and labors under the instruction of a working jeweler.

Love and a cough won't hide. Sweet is the love that meets return. The heart's letter is read in the eyes. Love and lordship make no fellowship.

The Queen of Portugal is supposed to be the best dressed woman in Europe. The statement that she never wears a dress twice is an exaggeration.

In the husband, wisdom; in the wife, gentleness. Nothing is more tender, nothing more violent than love. The science of love is the philosophy of the heart.

A poor woman and her four pairs of twins, all sick with the measles, occupied the smoking-car of a train that passed through Watertown, N. Y., the other day.

Nothing exasperates a woman who has been shading her eyes from the gaslight with her hand all the evening, so much as to find that after all she had left her best diamond ring on the washstand.

Cleveland, Ohio, has one female monomaniac who believes herself to be mayor of that city; but she wants to resign because her husband wants to draw her salary of $12,000 and control all the appointments.

The advent of the 17-year locust will furnish a new topic for conversation this year, but it should be remembered that it is not etiquette to ask a lady how many times she remembers the bothersome insects.

It is said that nine hundred and fifty-five farms in Iowa are owned by women, and that twenty dairy farms are managed by women. There are one hundred and twenty-five woman physicians and five women attorneys-at-law in the State.

A lady who had for six years been compressing a No. 6 foot in a No. 2 shoe, died recently of gangrene of the pedal extremities. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Died from the effects of a fit." Misfit would be more to the point.

"Worn out with shopping," they call it when a Chicago lady has tarried too long in the back room of a confectionery store, and has to be sent home in one of the carriages, with discreet drivers, that are kept within call by the obliging proprietor.

Veiled beauties, shrouded in gossamers and blue veils, each having a well-filled lunch-basket, are to be sold at auction this week for the benefit of a Massachusetts church. The highest bidder enjoys the lady's society for the evening, and shares the contents of the lunch-basket with her.

Mother: "And now tell me what you meant by introducing me to Mr. Brown as your aunt." Devoted daughter: "Forgive me, mother; but Mr. Brown appears to be on the point of proposing, and it would not do to run any risks just now, you know. He has a strong prejudice against mothers-in-law."

"You ain't a goin' to give ten cents fur that segar, are you?" "I believe I will, Sally," he said. "Jest to burn up?" said she. "That's what hits made fur, Sally," said he. "Well," said she, "I'd look at a dime a long time before I'd give it for that thing, and then burn it right straight up. If I was a goin' to be a fool, I'd be a fool some other way."

Jinks: "You appear to be in a hurry." Minks—"Yes. I'm going to meet a train; my mother-in-law is coming on a visit." "Already? Why, you haven't been married a month." "No. She is coming at my earnest solicitation, though." "But I thought you wouldn't care for that kind of a change so soon." "Well, I'd rather have a mother-in-law than the dyspepsia."

Boston girls have resorted to desperate measures. The other afternoon a young single lady employed in the State House took a cab to transact some business, and for several hours attracted the wandering attention of the passing crowds by a card displayed upon the cab window reading, "Not Engaged." Whether the young lady connived with the driver to keep the significant card pendant from the window, or whether she did not, it certainly was an engaging advertisement for timid bachelors.

A well-known professional man, who has a brand new baby, was advised by friends to rub the little one with lard and camphor, as it was troubled with some complaint that treatment was sure to cure. The father went down into the kitchen, got some lard out of a pan, and, mixing it with camphor, rubbed it all over the baby's feet, face and neck. Next morning the mother found that the poor little thing was covered with a crust of cold mashed potatoes.

Masculinities.

Keep up a standard of principles; your children are your judges.

The youth who permits his sweetheart to rule him, is a miss-guided young man.

Why is Hymen represented with a torch? To throw a light on those little imperfections love is blind to.

Some one has been lecturing on "the danger of eating candy." Cut this out and show it to your sweetheart.

"Yes," said the hen-pecked husband, "there truly is no place like home, and that's why I keep away from it so much."

It is difficult to understand why a wife never asks her husband "if the doors are all locked" until after he is snugly covered up in bed.

President Eliot, of Harvard, suggests French, German, English history and political economy as the proper studies for young men who intend to become journalists.

"What sort of a man was it whom you saw commit the assault?" Constable—"Shure, yer honor, he was a small, insignificant crayther—about yer own size, yer honor."

The male codfish always takes care of the eggs and young. The only peace in life which the male codfish enjoys is when he gets salted down and stored away in a country grocery.

Boy: "Why, your face isn't very long, is it?" Visitor: "Not very. But why do you ask?" "'Cause pa said you came from Chicago here on it."

Somehow or other everybody some time or other wants to sing "Auld Lang Syne; and only about one in a million knows the words. And he only knows the first verse; and he doesn't sing that right.

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal man be proud?" There is no definite reason in the world for it, unless it be that he has humbugged his wife into thinking there isn't another man in the world like him.

"Plunged in a gulf of dark despair," was the cheering tune which greeted the ears of a newly-married couple as they were leaving the altar, recently, in an out-of-town church. The organist was probably a married man.

An exchange notes that there are other fields of ambition for young women than walking quarter miles in quarter hours, and points to the Connecticut girl who achieved five divorces in five consecutive years, and she is still in first-class condition.

A minister in Butler county, Ga., is reported to have received recently as a marriage fee, twelve duck eggs, fifty cents each, $6; promise of two ducks, $2 each, $4—making a total of $10. Moreover, the good man rode ten miles to perform the ceremony.

A Parisian mother-in-law said to her son-in-law: "So you were at a ball last evening, and it is not a month since you lost your wife?" "That's true," answered the culprit, with a contrite air; "but I beg to remind you, madam, that I danced very sadly."

"Ain't you almost boiled?" inquired a five-year-old of a gentleman calling on her father and mother. "No, little one, I cannot say that I am. Why do you ask, Daisy?" "Oh, because I just heard mamma say your wife kept you always in hot water."

"Jessie, what was Joe's arm doing round your waist when you were at the front gate last night?" asked a precious Camden boy of his sister. "His arm wasn't round my waist; I won a belt from him, and he was taking my measure," replied the indignant young lady.

Wife (to her husband, who is arranging his papers)—"What have you got here in this parcel?" Husband—"They are the dear reminiscences of our wedding tour." Wife—"Oh, you sweet creature! Pray what kind of reminiscences are they?" Husband—"They are hotel bills."

"I am determined to learn at what hour my husband comes home nights; yet, do what I will, I cannot keep awake; and he is always careful not to make a particle of noise. Is there any drug which produces wakefulness?" Old wife—"No need to buy drugs. Sprinkle the floor with tacks; you'll hear him then."

"Little boy," said a gentleman, "why do you hold that umbrella over your head? It's not raining." "No." "And the sun is not shining." "No." "Then why do you carry it?" "'Cause when it rains father wants it, and when the sun shines mother wants it; and it's only this kind of weather that I can get it at all."

A work on "cookery," lately issued, will not be likely to be popular, because, among what it calls "Facetious Items," it gives the following: "If your wife faints, do not spoil her dress by dashing a pitcher of water over her. Loudly kiss the back of your hand. She will immediately revive and want to know whom you were kissing. Do not tell her, and she'll not faint any more."

A romantic scribe thus describes the first kiss of a newly-wedded couple: "Up the perfume-swept avenue of love, and under the roseate archway of Hymen they had passed into the joy-lit realms of that higher and holier existence where soul meets soul on timpid waves of ecstatic feelings, and hearts touch hearts through the blended channel of lips in rapture linked!" Wow!

A countryman, with his bride, stopped at a hotel the other day. At dinner time, when the waiter presented a bill of fare, the young man inquired: "What's that, sir?" "Bill of fare, sir." The countryman took it in his hands, looked inquiringly at his wife, and then at the waiter; finally he dived his hand into his capacious pocket and inquired: "How much is it?"

The loving heart is the strong heart. The generous hand is the hand to cling to when the path is difficult. There is room for the exercise of charity everywhere—in business, in society, and in the church; but the first and chiefest need for it is at home, where it is the salt which keeps all things sweet, the aroma which makes every hour charming, and the divine light which shines star-like through all gloom and depression.

The Rival Widows.

BY S. W.

SHE was a very pretty little widow, and, though nearly forty, with a complexion as fresh as though she had been fifteen years younger, and hair of a lovely golden yellow, disposed about her head in a series of curls, which was simply ravishing.

She was evidently vain of it, for she never passed a mirror without glancing at it, and if there happened to be any disorder or unbecomingness, she would hasten to her room to remedy it.

At least, so Mrs. Langley said; but then, some of the ladies whispered among themselves that Mrs. Langley, the tall handsome brunette widow, was jealous of Mrs. Belton.

There were but two or three unmarried men at the "Lake Hotel" of an age suited to these two fair widows, and of them the major was by far the most important.

Time and again had he appeared smitten with the charms of some fair lady, and time and again drew back just as the fact was becoming patent to the lookers on.

This time, however, the major was undeniably smitten. Some said he was in love with the golden locks of the blond widow, while others insisted that the very dark eyes of Mrs. Langley had won him captive.

The major himself was evidently undecided upon the subject, being alternately in attendance on one or the other.

And so the two ladies, beneath a surface of extreme politeness, were at daggers drawn with each other. The brunette widow was certain that, had she the field to herself she could bring the major to her feet with little trouble.

So she was thinking, as with her little pet dog beside her, she reclined upon her lounge at the time of the afternoon's siesta.

The day was warm, and the doors of all the ladies' apartments opening upon the corridor were ajar. Most of the fair inmates were taking their beauty-sleep.

"Lie still, Puck," she said, as the silky little spaniel awoke from his nap and became restless.

Puck submitted for a few minutes, and then noiselessly sliding to the floor, slipped out into the passage and sought amusement in his own way.

It was not five minutes after this that Puck's mistress was aroused from the beginning of her nap.

It was the dog that awoke her. There he was flying round and round the room, dragging after him what looked like, yes, most decidedly like—the head of Mrs. Belton!

Mrs. Langley sprang up, for no other lady at the hotel had precisely that shade and color of hair. It was—Good heavens! It was a wig!

Here was a discovery, indeed! And a light of mingled surprise, amusement, and triumph sparkled in the eyes of the handsome brunette, as she surveyed the unexpected prize.

Then with the wig in her hand, she softly glided into the passage, paused outside Mrs. Belton's door, and took a cautious peep within.

There reclined the fair, plump, little widow herself, fair still, though her snowy complexion and delicate features were set off by only a thin mist of short golden hair, which, if twisted all together, would not have made a strand as large as her little finger.

Mrs. Langley gently tossed the ruined wig upon the floor, and retiring to her own room, closed the door securely on Puck.

Mrs. Belton did not come down to tea, though her aunt did. The old lady seemed considerably upset, and glanced suspiciously round upon the faces of the ladies.

But all looked so innocent, and all—especially Mrs. Langley—inquired so naturally as to the cause of her niece's absence, that her doubts were quieted. They could know nothing about it.

It was a lovely, moonlight night, and there was music and dancing in the saloon, and promenading on the lake terrace.

Mrs. Belton, listening to the music, grew tired of staying in her room. She could not possibly show herself in public for a day or two, in which time she might have her wig restored to its normal condition.

Why, therefore, should she not take advantage of the moonlight obscurity to enjoy herself as she might be permitted?

Mrs. Langley stared, and the major brightened as they saw her step upon the terrace.

Her face was shaded by the folds of a silk scarf, which, falling to her shoulders entirely concealed her head. Thus, she said, she must protect herself from the dews and the breezes.

They were all seated in a group when Mrs. Langley said—

"Did you ever see the Indian scarf-dance Mrs. Gaylord?"

Mrs. Gaylord had not; and the major begged a description of it.

"I would show it to you if I had a scarf, or if Mrs. Belton would be good enough to lend me hers for a moment."

The blonde widow colored in the moonlight, and murmured something about taking cold.

"You could not possibly take cold in this summer air, and you shall have my zephyr," said Mrs. Langley, with her sweetest and most persuasive smile.

What could Mrs. Belton do? How could she refuse, with the eyes of all upon her, and especially the major's eyes, who already looked a little surprised at her hesitancy?

Suddenly a thought flashed upon her. She raised her eyes, and looked steadily at her rival. She saw it all in a moment; her secret had been discovered, and to-morrow, without doubt, it would be made known.

For an instant her heart failed her; but then she nerved herself to a very brave resolve.

"I am very sorry that I cannot let you have the scarf, she said, in a voice which faltered despite herself.

"Why?" persisted her merciless tormentor, with an air of innocent surprise.

"Because"—it was hard to say, after all—"because I have not my wig on."

"Floral" gasped Mrs. Gaylord.

"I shall have to make a clean breast of it," she said, with a little laugh. "One of the ladies' pet-dogs—was it not yours, Mrs. Langley?—got hold of my wig this evening, and has completely spoiled it."

The major turned his eyes upon her with a sudden and glad surprise.

"So you wear a wig, madam! So do I. How rejoiced I am to find a lady who happens to be in the same predicament with myself! Why, I would have married long ago but for the haunting fear of shocking my bride with the knowledge of my bald head."

Then there was a tableau! Mrs. Belton blushed and smiled—a glad smile; the major looked delighted, and Mrs. Langley's face was white as she turned away.

"I lost my hair in a severe illness, and it has never grown again," Mrs. Belton explained. "I had it made up into a wig. So you see it is my own hair, after all."

When the company broke up at the Lake Hotel it was perfectly well known to everybody that the major and Mrs. Belton were engaged.

And it was all Puck's doing.

BARTHOLDI'S BIG GIRL.

The Prejudices Met By a Canvasser for the Pedestal Fund.

The Bartholdi pedestal fund is nearly complete. The statue has arrived and soon New York harbor will be graced by the most magnificent colossal statue the world has ever seen.

"Liberty Enlightening the World!" What a priceless blessing personal liberty is. It is the shrine at which people, ground under the heel of tyranny in the older worlds, worship with a fervency that Americans can scarcely realize; it is a principle for which Nihilists willingly die the death of dogs; and fit and proper it is that at the very entrance of the Bay of New York this emblematic statue should flash a welcome to the world.

The press is entitled to the credit of this achievement. Mr. Philip Beers, (who has been making a circuit of the country on behalf of the Pedestal fund, says that the fund will certainly be raised, as the *World* does not know the word *fail*.

Mr. Beers says that he has found the most pronounced generosity among those of foreign birth. They seem more appreciative of liberty than do our native born. Moreover, among some a strange prejudice seems to exist

"Prejudice? In what particular?"

"I have ever found that however meritorious a thing may be, thousands of people will inevitably be prejudiced against it. I have spent most of my life on the road and I know the American people 'like a book.' In 1879 a personal misfortune illustrated this prevailing prejudice. I was very ill, had suffered for several years with headache, fickle appetite, dreadful backache, cramps, hot head, cold hands and feet and a general break down of the system. I dragged myself back to New York, seeking the best professional treatment. It so happens that among my relatives is a distinguished physician who upbraided me roundly for preaching so much about my own case. Finally, with some spirit, I remarked to him:

"'Sir, you know that much of your professional wisdom is pretense. You are controlled by prejudice. You cannot reach a case like mine and you know it, can you?'"

"I had him; and he finally conceded the point, for it was bright's disease of the kidneys which had prostrated me, and the schoolmen admit they cannot cure it; having cured myself, however, in 1879, and not having seen a sick day since, my relative finally admitted that Warner's safe cure which accomplished this result, was really a wonderful preparation. Had President Rutter, of the Central Hudson used it, I am certain he would be alive to-day, for he could not have been in a worse condition than I was."

"I have found similar prejudices among all classes concerning even so laudable a scheme as this pedestal fund."

Mr. Beers' experience and the recent death of President Rutter, of the Central-Hudson railroad, of an extreme kidney disorder, proves that the physicians have no real power over such diseases, and indicates the only course one should pursue if, as the late Dr. Willard Parker says, headache, sickness of the stomach, dropsical swellings, backache, dark and offensive fluids, prematurely impaired eyesight, loss of strength and energy occur, for they unmistakably indicate a fatal result, if not promptly arrested.

"Yes, sir-ee, every cent needed for the pedestal will be raised. Of course it will be a great triumph for the *World*, but would it not have been an eternal disgrace had our people failed to provide for this pedestal?"

APSLEY HOUSE.—The following interesting particulars relating to Apsley House, in London, the residence of the first Duke of Wellington, may not be generally known. We cannot vouch for their strict accuracy. King George II., riding on horseback one day in Hyde Park, met with an old soldier, whom he recognized as having fought under him at the battle of Dettingen, and fell into discourse with him. The King finally asked him what he could do for him.

"Why, please your Majesty," returned the soldier, "my wife keeps an apple-stall on the bit of waste ground as you enter the park, and if your majesty would be pleased to make us a grant of it, we might build a little shed and improve our trade."

The King complied with his request, and a grant was given him. The shed was erected. The situation was excellent, and the business of the old woman became brisk and prosperous. Their only son, in process of time, was articled to an attorney, and gave indications of making a figure in his profession.

After some years, the old soldier being dead, and the grant of the late King being overlooked or forgotten, the then Lord Chancellor, attracted by the eligibility of the situation, removed the shed of the old woman, and laid out the ground as the site of the present mansion.

Alarmed and terrified by this measure, and not venturing to contend with such high authority, she consulted with her son—whose articles were now nearly expired—as to the course she should take in such an extremity.

The son calmed her fears in the best manner he was able, and promised to find her a remedy as soon as the structure should be completed. This was no sooner done than he waited upon his lordship, to request some remuneration for what he alleged to be a trespass upon his mother's rights. The latter, as soon as he began to perceive the claim of the applicant was reasonably founded, tendered some hundreds as a compensation, which, under the advice of her son, the old woman rejected; and to make the story short, upon the next interview the son demanded of his lordship £2000 a year as a ground rent—adding, that if he did not like the terms he was at liberty to take his house away again, as his mother did not want it. His lordship acceded, and the house yields to this day the above rent to the descendant of an old apple-woman.

STOPPING A CATTLE-STAMPEDE.—"One of the smartest things I ever saw in my travels," said a passenger from the West to a newspaper-reporter, "was a cow-boy stopping a cattle stampede. A herd of about six or eight hundred had got frightened at something, and broke away pell-mell, with their tails in the air and the bulls at the head of the procession. But Mr. Cow-boy did not get excited at all when he saw the herd was going for a straight bluff where they would certainly tumble down into the ravine and be killed. You know that, when a herd like that gets to going, they cannot stop, no matter whether they rush to death or not. Those in the rear crowd those ahead, and away they go. I would not have given a dollar a head for the herd; but the cow-boy spurred up his mustang, made a little detour, came right in front of the herd, cut across their path at a right angle, and then galloped leisurely on to the edge of the bluff, halted, and looked round at the wild mass of beef coming right toward him. He was cool as a cucumber, though I expected to see him killed.

"Well, when the leader had got within about a quarter of a mile of him, I saw them try to slack up, though they could not do it very quick; but the whole herd seemed to want to stop; and, when the cows and steers in the rear got about where the cow-boy had cut across their path, I was surprised to see them stop and commence to nibble at the grass. Then the whole herd stopped, wheeled, straggled back, and went to fighting for a chance to eat where the rear-guard was. You see, that cow-boy had opened a big bag of salt that he had brought out from the ranch to give the cattle, galloped, across the herd's course, and emptied the bag.

"Every animal sniffed that line of salt, and of course, that broke up the stampede. But I tell you it was a queer sight to see that man on the edge of the bluff quietly rolling a cigarette, when it seemed as though he would be lying under two hundred tons of beef in about two minutes and a half!"

A GENTLEMAN was traveling in a smoking-compartment on the Midland line the other day, and at a certain station a German entered the carriage and took his seat opposite to him. When the train had started, the foreigner, noticing the other's havana, inquired if he could oblige him with a cigar. The Englishman, astonished at the request, reluctantly pulled out his case, and saw with disgust the other select the best cigar he could find and produce a match from his pocket and light it. After taking a few puffs with evident enjoyment, the German beaming at his companion through his spectacles, continued affably, "I vould not haf droubled you, but I had a match in mein boggit, und I did not know vat to do mit it."

A FIVE-CENT rate of fare has been charged on a Pittsburg street railway for three years past, but the company now announce it as a great failure, and decide hereafter to always charge seven cents for a ride.

A WELL-KNOWN preacher makes the recommendation of Ayer's Pills a matter of religious duty. When people are bilious and dyspeptic, what they need is the Gospel of Health. In such cases the best creed to swallow consists of the thirty sugar-coated articles in a pill-box.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Should be kept constantly at hand, for use in emergencies of the household. Many a mother, startled in the night by the ominous sounds of Croup, finds the little sufferer, with red and swollen face, gasping for air. In such cases Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is invaluable. Mrs. Emma Gedney, 159 West 128 st., New York, writes: "While in the country, last winter, my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with Croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was tried in small and frequent doses, and, in less than half an hour, the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the Pectoral saved my darling's life." Mrs. Chas. B. Landon, Guilford, Conn., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Saved My Life,

and also the life of my little son. As he is troubled with Croup, I dare not be without this remedy in the house." Mrs. J. Gregg, Lowell, Mass., writes: "My children have repeatedly taken Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for Coughs and Croup. It gives immediate relief, followed by cure." Mrs. Mary E. Evans, Scranton, Pa., writes: "I have two little boys, both of whom have been, from infancy, subject to violent attacks of Croup. About six months ago we began using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and it acts like a charm. In a few minutes after the child takes it, he breathes easily and rests well. Every mother ought to know what a blessing I have found in Ayer's Cherry Pectoral." Mrs. Wm. C. Reid, Freehold, N. J., writes: "In our family, Ayer's medicines have been blessings for many years. In cases of Colds and Coughs, we take

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

and the inconvenience is soon forgotten."

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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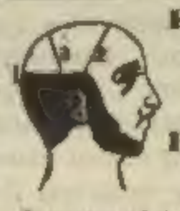

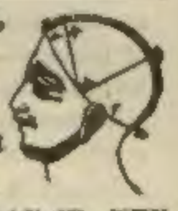

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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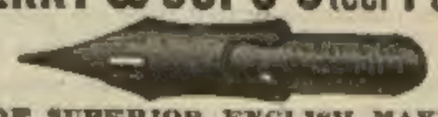

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Get BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG'S factory ends, called Waste Embroidery. Forty cents will buy one ounce, which would cost One Dollar in Skeins. All good silk and beautiful colors. Designs for 100 styles of Crazy Stitches inclosed in each package. Send 40 cents in stamps or postal note to **THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO.**, 621 Market St., Phila., Pa.

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OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

Recent Book Issues.

Mrs. Burnett at present is probably at the head of the women story-writers of America, a place she has secured by the general excellence and popularity of her novels. "Kathleen" is one of these that makes most interesting reading for these summer days, being most absorbing in character and plot, and short enough to be got through in a few sittings. Published in stiff paper cover, large type, 212 pages, by Peterson & Bros, this city.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Godey's Lady's Book, of this city, for July is the 66ist appearance of this venerable magazine. The number for July needs no especial recommendation as it equals in beauty and merit any previous appearance of this old-timed magazine. Its illustrations are rich and beautiful, while its reading matter, Dressmaking, Household and Recipe departments are replete with entertainment and information. A house without Godey's does not know its loss as each month it contains practical hints of far more value than the price of the magazine.

President Bartlett, of Dartmouth, contributes an interesting article on the subterranean history of man to the July number of the *North American Review*. In the same number appears a conversation between David Dudley Field and Henry George, on land and taxation. Another urgent question, which may soon make a very serious issue, the extradion of dynamite criminals, is debated by President Angell, of Michigan University, George Ticknor Curtis, and Justice T. M. Cooley, Dorman B. Eaton, chief of the Civil Service Commission, gives his views of the results of that reform. William Clarke shows the futile character of any scheme for British imperial federation, and Thomas W. Knox gives a brief but interesting sketch of the progress of European influence in Asia. The other articles are one by Gail Hamilton on Prohibition in practice, and one by Rev. Dr. C. H. Parkhurst on the decline of Christianity. These, with the batch of free-hand Comments, make up a number of unusual interest. The Review has just completed its seventieth year. But outwardly it renews its youth with a new cover, and inwardly it seems more vigorous than ever. The North American Review, New York.

The July *Quiver* opens with a frontispiece illustrating the poem, Towards the Sunset. Dr. John Stoughton continues his, Sunday Thoughts in Other Lands, and the Rev. Dr. Trestrail concludes his papers on Not Done in a Corner. The World and Christ, forms the suggestive theme for a paper by Rev. Wm. M. Johnston. J. Whatley describes the, Old Convents of Cairo. Rev. Dr. Henry Alton gives the concluding paper of his interesting series on Temptation; Its Source and Issue. The Right Kind of Company, by Rev. Gordon Colthrop, contains much good advice for young men, and young women, too. A very scholarly paper, the first of two, is that of Rev. R. Payne Smith, Dean of Canterbury, on The Revised Version of the Old Testament. In the way of serial and short stories, the *Quiver* is never found wanting. Poetry and pictures also enliven the number as usual. Cassell & Company, New York.

A good magazine is always a most welcome visitor to a reading household, particularly where the useful is so well combined with the agreeable, as is the case with *Arthur's Illustrated Home Magazine*. The July number is filled with the best of household matter. Published at 920 Walnut St.

The *Magazine of Art* for July has for its main article a well considered paper on Handel, with six admirable portraits of the famous composer. The poem and picture which follow are the former by Alice Meynell, the latter by W. J. Hennessy. The Buried Mother, is the subject of the poem. Then follows one of F. Mabel Robinson's papers on the Romance of Art. J. A. Blaikie describes that picturesque English river, The Dart, while Miss Helen Zimmeon describes that painter of picturesque children, Ludwig Knaus. We have a curious study of mediæval "Headgear." An interesting illustrated paper describes Cinquecento Picture Windows, while the very next paper is on current art, the recent pictures at the London exhibitions, which are well illustrated. The full-page illustrations are: The Burial of Atala, from the picture by Gustave Courtois, and, A Concert in Old Egypt, from the original of A. Calbet. All the departments of the magazine are full and complete. Cassell & Company, New York.

The first article in *The Popular Science Monthly* for July, by Dr. Frankland, the eminent English chemist and sanitarian, is very important. It is on, A Great Winter Sanitarium for the American Continent. It refers to the Yellowstone region. Recent Progress in Aerial Navigation, by Professor W. Le Conte Stevens, an illustrated article, will be read with extreme interest. Railroads, Telegraphs, and Civilization, by Professor Herzog, gives a masterly handling of a mighty problem. Diet in Relation to Age and Activity, by Sir Henry Thompson, is an especially valuable article by an authority. On Leaves, by Sir John Lubbock, is an illustrated paper full of curious interest. But the best article of the number is a translation from the German, entitled, Ethics and the Development Theory, a powerful discussion of morality and evolution, etc. The minor departments of the magazine are full, varied, and lively. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Humorous.

THE DECEIVER.

We met: 'twas in the crowded hall,
Amid the thoughtless, young, and gay;
He stood so stately 'mid them all,
And stole my youthful heart away—

His curling hair as black as night,
His low-toned voice so soft and clear;
And then that smile so wondrous bright,
As low he whispered in mine ear.

Near and more near he closely prest;
His softened glances on me fell;
He spoke of love, and in my breast
Arose a joy I cannot tell.

And, when the hour of parting came,
No grief, no sorrow, could be worse;
He breathed adieu, and left my side,
And I soon after missed my purse!

—U. N. Nose.

A strong man—A shop-lifter.

Matchless women—Maiden aunts.

Straight from the shoulder—The sleeve.

Noisy tenants—Cheers that rent the air.

The House of Correction—The printing office.

A one-legged man will never be troubled with wet feet.

A shoemaker may die, but he can never breathe his last.

A duel is the quickest kind of encounter, because it only takes two seconds.

What is that from which, if you take the whole, some will yet remain? Whole-some.

Why is a list of musical composers like a saucepan? Because it is incomplete without a Handel.

Someone wants to know how to deaden the sound of a piano. One good plan would be to kill the player.

Some one wants to know if a bee is angry when it stings. We are not sure about the bee, but the victim is.

If a person were looking at a conflagration, by the names of what three well-known British writers could he express his emotions? Dickens, Howitt, Burns.

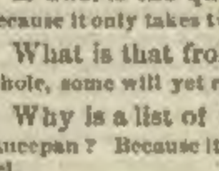
German landlord to agent for firm of wine growers: "How is it you sell your red native wine dearer than the white?" Agent: "Do you think we get the color for nothing?"

Uncle John—"Well, Jimmy, have you enjoyed yourself to-day?" Jimmy—"No, I haven't. I've had a miserable day." Uncle John—"Miserable day! How's that?" Jimmy—"Aunt Betsy told me to eat all the dinner I wanted, and I couldn't."

A lawyer of large experience and some observation, defines the art of civilization as getting your neighbor's money out of his pocket and into your own without making yourself amenable to the law.

Times are said to be hard. When a clerk goes out the first of the month to collect bills for a leading firm, and comes home at night with just a dollar, and the selling of his pants worn out by the boots of the customers from whom he collected it, the boss regards it as a good day for collections.

HUMPHREYS'



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By F. HUMPHREYS, M. D.
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4	Diarrhea of Children or Adults		.25
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6	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting		.25
7	Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis		.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache		.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo		.25

HOMEOPATHIC

10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach	.25
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12	Whites, too Profuse Periods	.25
13	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	.25
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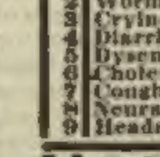

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In from one to twenty minutes, never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

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RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA,

Sciatica, Headache, Toothache Inflammation, Congestions, Asthma, Influenza, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS,

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It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heart-burn, Sick Headache, Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all internal pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Malaria in Its Various Forms.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarial, Bilious and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Price fifty cents. Sold by druggists.

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A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be scrofula, consumption, ulcers, sores, tumors, boils, erysipelas or salt rheum, diseases of the lungs, kidneys, bladder, skin, liver, stomach or bowels, either chronic or constitutional, the virus is in the BLOOD, which supplies the waste and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy the process of repair must be unsound.

THE SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

Not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life.

THE SKIN,

After a few days' use of the Sarsaparillian, becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, blotches, black spots and skin eruptions are removed; sores and ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from scrofula, eruptive diseases of the eyes, mouth, ears, legs, throat and glands, that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparilla is continued a sufficient time to made its impression on the system.

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RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffering Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pains in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders. Sold by Druggists. Price, 25cents Per Box

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Latest Fashion Phases.

In dress there are many classes of fashion; some so *distingue* and piquant they appeal only to those who have mastered the art of dressing to perfection, making their toilet a study; others are quiet and in good taste, worn by the less ambitious women of the day; while, going down in the scale, there are various gradations of mediocre styles.

The tailor-made costumes still retain their popularity and some charming gowns have been made for the summer season. For tennis, a pretty little costume takes the form of a full skirt of cream flannelette, with a set of tucks at the foot, and a loose "cricket skirt" bodice also of cream, with turn-down collar, made neat at the waist by fastening under the skirt band. Over this is worn a dainty little jacket of some gay-striped flannel, with turn-down collar and small lapels, cut so as to fit the figure at the back, but with loose fronts. It requires no fastening, but shows the cream shirt in truly masculine style. A small belt or sash of striped flannel and a peaked cricket cap of the same finishes the gown in a suitable manner. This is quite a new and original style, and would be suitable for boating as well as tennis.

A deliciously cool costume for yachting and shore wear is composed of white linen and navy dungaree, the skirt being alternately plaited with these two colors; with skirt front drapery loosely folded and caught up on the left side by a narrow facing of the blue, on which lines of white linen tape appear; this is also carried round the back drapery. The bodice is tight-fitting, with vest formed of the blue and white interplaited to match the skirt, and finished with high color of the same, below which is a deep sailor collar of blue taped with white, and from where this fastens to an inch below the waist appears a second small vest of red twill, fastening the bodice together by a close row of tiny buttons in the centre. Various shades of fawn are in great favor this season, a good example of which was made for a "leader of fashion" from a softly finished "Afghan cloth" of a pale tint of fawn combined with a delicate moss-green of the same texture, which is interspersed in the somewhat wide kiltings of the skirt, over which a double pointed drapery is arranged in loose graceful folds, the short upper one being draped to the left, and the longer one to the right side, finished by a looped drapery at the back. The bodice is a short tight Zouave, with lapels and cuffs faced green, and waistcoat of white washing pique, with small pockets of the green placed just below the waist. The costume is completed by a becoming toque of the lawn material, closely folded with small tufts of the moss-green in front, and Mousquetaire gloves of the moss-green shade are also necessary.

The effect produced by this novel blending of color is peculiarly refreshing. A great novelty this season consists of a very charming little jacket made from specially shrunk boating cloth in cream, navy, or other plain colors, and cut with loose-fitting fronts, but shaped tightly to the back, giving it a very trim appearance. It is finished with high collar band, and made double or single-breasted, as preferred. The collar and cuffs are sometimes braided or made of velvet in contrasting colors; but, however made, this is found to be a most useful and stylish little coat for boating, tennis, or general wear.

Another new garment is an officer's cape, a short round mantle in white serge lined with red plush, one end being thrown over the left shoulder, the pointed hood at the back was lined with red. Hungarian jackets in brown and blue cloth, braided in gold, with cords and aiguillettes on the shoulder; also light grey cloth jackets, with steel buttons, engraved with a small horse in gold are also novel. Costumes also are made of spotted vigogne flannels, brown cloth and serges woven in three shades, which are most convenient for lavenue tunics, revers, etc.

The most *distingue* beads of the season are those consisting of granulated lead—those dull, blackish beads which are being used principally for black materials. They are the newest and prettiest. Beads of bright steel are worn; people are rather tired of those, but they are so elegant, that they cannot entirely be laid aside. It is not, however, the bright steel which is being used, not the brilliant cut beads, but the dull, leaden-hued, round bead.

If the title "granulated lead" sounds poor, the beads themselves are of rare elegance, making bright steel and jet look common beside them. On a mantle of black lace or faille, nothing is more *distingue* than panels of embroidery on the fronts and back made with these beads, the panels extending in graceful filigree designs over the whole mantle, finished with coquilles of lace and loops of ribbon.

While on the subject of beads it must not be forgotten to announce the advent of wooden beads. Very pretty embroideries will be made with them, worked in a peculiar manner. The beads are threaded first on a fine, supple string, and then the strings of beads are sewn on the tracing as if they were braid, instead of being sewn on bead by bead. Roses are embroidered entirely in wooden beads of different sizes, the largest being in the centre, and the others diminishing in each row to the tip of the petals. This is a new fashion which has a great future before it.

A large number of short, round jackets are worn, fitting the figure like a corsage, or with loose fronts. Many are of stockingette cloth handsomely braided with very fine braid—a mere thread of mohair.

For young ladies there are unlined pelerines of stiff but openwork gauze, sprinkled with broche velvet flowers, and trimmed with lace coquilles and strings of beads.

A pretty mantelet is of coarse black woollen etamine with very narrow stripes of black velvet. It is unlined. It has the fashionable loop sleeves, the lace edging the vetement just showing beneath. In front are long mantelet ends.

Short jackets are made entirely of *velours frise*; they have remarkably short basques and elbow sleeves. The fronts just meet, edge to edge, fastened with buttons on a band beneath.

Mantelets are also of black silk network, unlined, and threaded with beads. They are remarkably stylish. They reach the waist at the back and have short rounded ends in front, which fall loosely on the tablier.

Guipure embroidered in silk or wool is in favor as trimmings, less perhaps on its own account than that ladies are fond of working it. The guipure, whether black, ecru or white, is embroidered with raised flowers in some bright color. It is certainly very effective.

With summer materials and washing fabrics cross-stitch embroidery is becoming again very prominent. Many ladies who have the time and are skilled workers are embroidering their lawn and etamine dresses with bands of cross-stitch embroidery. On etamine nothing is easier, but unless bands of etamine are sewn over other fabrics it is difficult to regulate the stitches.

Bengalore is a soft, silky, woollen material, which is to be had also striped with threads of silk. It is made in various colors. In black there are many woollens of the poplin kind, called armure crepes.

Domestic Economy.

Summer being recognized as a more unhealthy season, generally speaking, than the others, it is well to lessen its degree as much as possible, by a little extra vigilance and care. This will apply as well to the individual as to the home.

Practical house sanitation is based on the view that all infectious diseases are caused by a specific infectious substance, presumably a living germ. Disinfection is perfectly secured only when this germ is destroyed, and a disinfectant is therefore, strictly speaking, a germicide.

There is a class of agents which arrest putrefactive decomposition, and these are known as antiseptics; but a substance may arrest putrefaction without destroying the infective disease-germ. An antiseptic, therefore, is not necessarily a disinfectant. There is another class of substances which destroy odors. These may neither arrest putrefaction nor kill disease-germs. Hence deodorizers are the least efficient for the arrest of infectious disease agents.

Recent researches, says a report, have demonstrated that many of the agents which have been found useful as deodorizers, as antiseptics are entirely without value for the destruction of disease-germs. This is true, for example, as regards the sulphate of iron and copperas, a salt which has been extensively used with the idea that it is a valuable disinfectant. As a matter of fact, sulphate of iron in a saturated solution does not destroy the vitality of disease-germs or the infecting power of material containing them.

Among disinfectants chloride of lime is placed in the first rank. With it may be placed corrosive sublimate and permanganate of potassium. Of these chloride of lime is the most available for general use.

A solution of it can be readily made and is to be recommended for ordinary use in infectious fevers. This solution is made by simply dissolving the chlorids of lime in soft water, in the proportion of four ounces to the gallon. Use one pint of this solution for the disinfection of each discharge in cholera, typhoid fever, etc. Mix well and leave in the vessel for at least ten minutes before throwing into privy-vault or water-closet. The same directions apply for the disinfection of vomited matters. Infected sputum should be discharged directly into a cup half full of the solution.

For the disinfection of clothing, this solution diluted with nine parts of water may be used, the clothes being kept immersed for two hours. Boiling for half an hour will also destroy the activity of all known disease germs. If clothes cannot be treated with the above solutions, or by boiling, they may be disinfected by exposing them to a dry heat of 230° Fahrenheit for three or four hours. Moist heat is more effective than dry, and ten minutes' exposure to steam at a temperature of 230° Fahrenheit will suffice for absolute germ destruction.

It is impracticable to disinfect an occupied apartment, but when an apartment that has been occupied by a person suffering from an infectious disease is vacated, it should be disinfected as follows: All surfaces should be thoroughly washed with a solution of corrosive sublimate of the strength of one part in 1,000 parts of water. The walls and ceiling, if plastered, should be whitewashed with a lime-wash containing the same proportion of corrosive sublimate, or they may be brushed over with the aqueous solutions. Especial care must be taken to wash away all dust from window-ledges and other places where it may have settled, and to thoroughly cleanse crevices, and out-of-way places. After this application of the disinfecting solution, and at an interval of twenty-four hours or longer for free ventilation, the floors and wood-work should be well scrubbed with soap and hot water, and this should be followed by a second more prolonged exposure to fresh air admitted through open doors and windows.

The Household.—Birch-bark canoes of various sizes are charming flower holders. One filled with dark-purple pansies is effective, the contrast of color being delightful. Very small canoes, six or seven inches long, are just the thing for holding violets.

A handsome table scarf of olive satin has a design of two large discs on either end worked in gold-colored silks, one disc overlapping the other. The upper one has a vine of rich crimson nasturtiums extending around one side.

An effective way of draping an ugly white mantel is to make a lambrequin with fall curtains beneath to hide the sides. For a drawing-room we lately saw the draperies of golden-brown velvet with a decoration of wild roses. For a bedroom the draperies were of ecru felt with trailing hop vines.

Watch stands are made of two tiny oars, crossed. At the point of contact is the hook from which the watch is suspended. The ends of the oars are painted with marine views. Miniature lawn tennis racquets are also adapted to the same purpose.

Black walnut may be stained to resemble ebony by washing the wood with a solution of sulphate of iron two or three times. Let the wood dry thoroughly, then apply two or three coats of a strong solution of logwood. Afterwards wipe the wood with a wet sponge and polish it with linseed oil.

Fire-gilt or galvanized articles may be cleansed by a solution of one part of borax in sixteen parts of water, which is rubbed on with a brush or sponge. Afterward wash with clear water and dry with a linen cloth. If the articles are warmed before rubbing their brilliancy will be greatly enhanced.

A good mucilage is made as follows: one part of white glue or gelatine and two parts of gum-arabic in ten parts of water. After they have throughly soaked add one-fourth part of white sugar and dissolve at a gentle heat and strain if necessary. A few drops of carbolic acid or oil of cloves will prevent this mucilage from spoiling.

A very good ox-tail soup is made by this recipe. Chop the ox-tail in pieces an inch long. Set them on the fire with an ounce of butter, stir until it turns brown, and then turn the fat off. Add the amount of broth required, and boil slowly until the pieces of ox-tail are well done; then add three or four tomatoes whole, season with salt and pepper; boil gently for fifteen minutes longer and serve, meat and all. If liked, a tumblerful of sherry wine may be added just before serving. Water may be used instead of broth, and then a carrot, turnip, parsley, leek, onion and a few cloves are added.

Scallops prepared in this way are nice for breakfast: Chop fine a medium-sized onion and fry it with one ounce of butter; while the onion is frying chop fine also one quart of scallops and put them in with the onion; stir until half fried, drain the juice off, put them back on the fire and add one ounce of butter and one gill of white wine; stir for two or three minutes, and if too thick add the juice you have turned off; take from the fire, mix the yolk of an egg with it and add a little grated nutmeg, finely-chopped parsley and salt and pepper to taste. Spread the mixture on scallop shells, dust with breadcrumbs, put a piece of butter the size of a hazelnut on each and bake in a hot oven from ten to fifteen minutes.

A correspondent sends this recipe for orange cake: A scant half cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of flour, half a cupful of water, the yolks of five eggs and the whites of four; one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, the grated rind of one orange and the juice of one and a half. Beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar gradually, then the orange, the eggs well beaten, the water, and lastly the flour, in which the soda and cream of tartar have been put, well sifted. Bake in sheets in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes. When, cool cover with this frosting: The white of one egg beaten very stiff, the grated rind of one orange, the juice of one and a half, and one cupful and a half of powdered sugar.

WHAT is the difference between a cloud and a beaten child?—One pours with rain, the other roars with pain.

Confidential Correspondents.

SUE.—We can furnish the back numbers of the story you mention. It runs through fifteen (15) issues of the POST.

WILL.—Yes. In nickel-plating you require an electric battery. The process is by no means an easy one, still with the proper appliances you might accomplish it. You can get a battery, and rules for working it cheaply in any of the leading cities.

WENSUMI.—"Which is the greater author, Thackeray or Dickens?" has long been a familiar subject for contest in nearly all debating societies. It is difficult to adjust their relative claims to popularity. A Thackeray enthusiast will probably deny the claims of Dickens, and *vice versa*; but the number of readers who frankly admit that they cannot decide upon a special precedence out-numbers the respective supporters of either author. Perhaps the totally different styles of Thackeray and Dickens place them beyond the pale of comparison, having been contemporaries.

CAST.—The young lady has told you sufficient, in her reply to your love-appeal, to make you understand that your addresses are not acceptable to her at present because you are so young and your sentiments may probably change. This is the true interpretation of her response. You had much better give up all idea of her for the present. As for doing anything desperate in case someone else carries her off from you, you ought to reflect that if she suffers herself to be carried off she could never have cared for you. Be rational, and take time for the due consideration of the matter.

SONBILLE.—Excepting on its sea-coast, which is low and marshy, Florida is a country having varied and luxuriant produce. The banks of the rivers are well suited for the growth of rice and corn; all kinds of timber are plentiful in the interior; in the valleys the finest fruits are indigenous. A great portion of the land is adapted for cattle rearing. It is difficult to say what your prospects would be there as a gardener; but all diligent husbandmen have good opportunities in such a country. Food is cheap but we cannot say what wages you would be likely to command. The climate of Florida, in the interior and upland districts, is splendid.

W. B. B.—Intellectual exertion involves a loss not of muscular power, but of nervous force. When you say that the employment you have to follow throughout the day is "hard work" you probably mean to contrast physical with mental labor. Well, when you have had a little more experience of the latter you will find this a huge mistake. However, you may quite set your mind at rest as to evening study unfitting you for your mental labor in the day. So far from this, it ought, by giving you that thorough change of occupation which is the best kind of rest, to increase your capacity for your daily toil, so long as you do not carry evening study to excess.

INQUIRER.—Malleable glass was made in old Rome; and in the reign of Tiberius a Roman artist had, according to Pliny, his house demolished—according to other writers he was beheaded—for making glass malleable. The idea of discovering the secret was only ranked second to that of the philosopher's stone among alchemists; but in 1845 there is stated to have been discovered at St. Etienne, in France, the means of rendering glass as malleable when cold as when first drawn from the pot. The substance, silicon, is combined with various other substances, and can be obtained opaque or transparent as crystal. It is described as very ductile and malleable, neither air nor acids acting on it.

ELLEN.—You have probably committed the mistake which young ladies are apt to make, as well as young gentlemen; namely, taken to heart what was really a trifling and insignificant matter, and by strenuous culture expanded it into a cause of separation between you and your lover. Now, it seems, you have come to your senses, and so had he, and want to have the engagement restored, but neither knows how to do it. The way to do it is to cast aside all nonsensical "I won't speak first" notions, and frankly confess the mistake you have made. Such a course on your part would occasion a similar one on your lover's (if you stated the case correctly to us), and all will go on smoothly until the next time.

F. F.—Your theory is too sweeping. All people are not alike. It is quite possible for some persons to be very deeply grieved without loathing sustenance. While a man of excitable temperament and weak nerves might be so affected, physically, by the death of one very dear to him, as to be unable to relish any kind of nourishment for several days, upon another man of steadier nature, a similar bereavement might produce no perceptible physical effect; and yet the anguish of the individual who ate what was set before him as composedly as usual might be deeper, keener, and more enduring than the sorrow of him who sickened at the sight of food. We hold therefore—the dictum of Dr. Johnson and other philosophers to the contrary notwithstanding—that appetite is not necessarily the test of grief.

BEATRICE S.—This misunderstood doctrine of evolution may be stated in very simple terms. It affirms, that instead of each species of vegetable and animal life being separately created, it is descended from some other species, and this from still earlier species, until we are carried back to a few primordial forms, or most probably to one. As man has produced many different varieties of the same species—pigeons, poultry, horses, dogs, for example—so, according to evolutionists, Nature has evolved a number of species from an earlier stock. "I can entertain no doubt," says Darwin, "that species are not immutable; but those belonging to the same genera are lineal descendants of some other and generally extinct species, in the same manner as the acknowledged varieties of any one species are the descendants of that species."

NIENTE.—You are not just to yourself to choose such a pseudonym as this. Your desire to earn money in order to at least partially relieve your friends of the expense of your maintenance is altogether creditable, and it is to be hoped, even more for your own sake than for theirs, you will follow it up by appropriate action. At eighteen it is certainly rather late in the day to be making a beginning; but you must not allow yourself to be discouraged by this, for it is very seldom indeed too late to mend, and in your case it certainly is not. As your letter implies that you know something of the piano, would it not be well for you to aim at proficiency in this direction with a view to giving lessons? If you are at liberty between ten and five you have plenty of time for practice; and two hours a day spent at the piano, with a genuine determination to master the instrument, would very soon make a wonderful difference in your playing.